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The Shape of Things

THE STRONGHOLD OF MILITARISM WAS breached last week, as Berlin announced a successful Red Army offensive into East Prussia on a broad front. Ordinarily such Berlin announcements should be treated with reserve—one of the few ways of achieving victories left the Germans is to report a withdrawal and then a smashing counter-offensive which regains the lost territory, the entire process taking place in Dr. Goebbels's inventive brain. But in this case the report would seem true, since East Prussia is the most important remaining flank position on the eastern front, and according to Red Army doctrine would probably be cleared or at least entered before the expected offensive in the center of the front gets under way. The southern flank is being cleared apace: the fall of Debrecen threatens the encirclement of a considerable body of German and Hungarian troops in Transylvania; the liberation of Belgrade embarrasses the withdrawal of the remaining Germans in the southern Balkans; and the crossing of the Tiza aims a spearpoint at Budapest. Meanwhile on the western front Aachen was destroyed as promised, and the Canadians continue the bitter work of clearing the Scheldt estuary approaches to Antwerp: the fall of Breskens is encouraging, but even the breaching of the dikes by the R. A. F. does not seem to have budged the Germans from Walcheren Island, and they still hold the Beveland neck. Extremely heavy air attacks on Duisburg, Cologne, Kleve, Emmerich, and other railway switch-points close behind the front are nevertheless going on, and if any one of the current local Allied offensives develops into a break-through, the Germans will experience great difficulty in moving troops to counter the drive.

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FROM THE PRESIDENT'S EXCELLENT SPEECH to the Foreign Policy Association the other night we pull out four specific items for our readers' serious attention. If the Republicans win in Congress, as they surely will if Governor Dewey is elected and as they may even if he is defeated, the following isolationists will be elevated to the following strategic posts: Representative Joseph W. Martin, Republican leader, will become Speaker of the House; Senator Hiram Johnson will become chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee; Senator Gerald P. Nye will become chairman of the Senate Committee

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on Appropriations; and Representative Hamilton Fish will become chairman of the powerful Rules Committee. It is hardly necessary to add the President's warning that politicians who embraced the policy of isolationism in our days of peril "are not reliable custodians of the future of America."

*

SENATOR BALL'S COURAGEOUS DECLARATION in support of the President throws a spotlight on Mr. Dewey's undignified attempt to straddle the chasm separating the Republican isolationist overlords from the millions of American citizens committed to an effective world organization. We have long asserted that Mr. Dewey's attempt was bound to fail. Now, an outstanding Republican leader, who has led the fight for international security on the floor of Congress, has risked his political life to warn fellow Americans against false leadership in foreign affairs. We honor Senator Ball for his stand. We think it will have a wholesome effect, not only on the immediate issue of the election, but on the actions of Congress, faced with the grave responsibility of making a durable peace. It will renew the determination of the American electorate that this time there shall be no "little band of wilful men" to wreck the peace. It will point the way to thousands of liberal Republicans who have been desperately unhappy ever since Wendell Willkie lost his gallant fight against the old-line isolationists who control his party. And it will spur to action the thousands of independent voters who owe allegiance to neither party but who want President Roosevelt to carry back with him an overwhelming mandate for continued leadership in world affairs.

*

RECOGNITION OF DE GAULLE'S GOVERNMENT is payment of a political debt long overdue, a debt which has been piling up interest at compound rates ever since the Free French first threw their courage and their meager resources against Hitler. We welcome this belated act; it should help to stabilize the French government at a time when muliplying problems of administration and political control beset it on every side. We welcome it; but we say in the same breath that no one is to be thanked for it except the French people themselves. By their determination to run their own affairs and to choose their own leaders, they have forced the hand of the Allied powers. They have proved beyond question that they accept General de Gaulle and his ministers as their provisional government, while the government in turn has guaranteed them the right to set up their permanent institutions according to their own democratic will. And so at last France's major allies have established diplomatic relations with De Gaulle. Whether this belated act of justice can wipe out the resentment of the French people remains to be discovered. It will go far to do so unless the Allies should try to utilize the new relationship to turn the French government against the people. France is still in a stage of revolution and renovation; conflicts of interest are inevitable; but none of this will result in chaos or internal collapse unless the government attempts to resist the popular forces that brought it into being. If recognition means pressure in this direction by the Allies, resentment in France will flame higher than ever. We say this in deliberate warning; we feel forced to say it by the past record of the Allies, especially Britain and the United States, in dealing with the democratic forces in all the liberated areas.

*

IN THE MEANTIME THE SPANISH *MAQUIS* IN France launched a real insurrection on Saturday against the fascist Spanish government. By Monday most of the Val d'Aran had fallen into its hands. The Spanish Republican flag was floating on the Spanish side, and Franco was obliged to send an entire new armored division to the border. The attack had immediate repercussions inside the country. In Andalusia and in Asturias the Spanish *guerrilleros (maquis)* intensified their activity in order to prevent Franco from sending reinforcements to the Spanish-French frontier. No less interesting a development was the claim made by the Spanish *guerrilleros* that Germans had been fighting against the Republicans together with the Franquists in Spain. This fact confirms reports that Spain is being used by the Nazis as an experimental field for the new form of guerrilla warfare which Hitler is preparing for the day when his regular armies are definitely beaten.

*

A NEW CONTINGENT OF FRANCO AGENTS will land in this country at the end of the month. They will compose the Spanish delegation to the International Air Conference which opens in Chicago on November 1. Most of the names of the delegates will mean little to Americans, but there is one which has been more familiar since the days of the Spanish war. Kindelan was the commander-in-chief of the Franco air forces. He personally delivered the Balearic Islands to the Italians who transformed them into the main base of attack against Republican Spain. He made the headlines of the European press with his farewell speech to the Italian aviators at the end of the Spanish war: "Together we shall fly in the skies of the victorious fascists of tomorrow." That was a clear reference to the second world war which was looming. Kindelan did not enjoy the pleasure of flying over France or Greece in a bomber, as did his comrades in arms from the Balearics. But he is flying to Chicago. He will undoubtedly bring a message of friendship to America. He should, if Franco means to maintain his scrupulous "neutrality" until the very end

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This week Franco sends Kindelan here; last week he sent a message of congratulation to Premier Szalasi, Hitler's new Hungarian quisling.

*

IF ANY JEWS ARE TO BE FOUND ALIVE IN Hungary, the attacking Red Army will have to move fast. Only last week the Szalasi government announced a purge of anti-Nazi elements and Jews. Where Horthy was at least willing to bargain with the Allies, in the hope of saving his skin if not his power, Szalasi is wholly Hitler's man. The Jews can no longer be rescued except by armed action; thus the last surviving considerable number left in Central Europe will probably be lost. The horror of this fact can only increase the bitterness with which humane people everywhere regard Great Britain's continued refusal to admit refugees to Palestine. It is reported that even the handful of Palestine visas still available under the terms of the White Paper are being withheld in order to put off the day when they will be exhausted and Jews will renew their demand for abrogation of the restrictions. Against this background the President's recent message to the meeting of the Zionist Organization in Atlantic City was an immense encouragement. Mr. Roosevelt specifically indorsed the plank in the Democratic platform supporting "unrestricted Jewish immigration and colonization" in Palestine and the establishment there of a "free and democratic Jewish Commonwealth." And he promised to try to find "appropriate ways and means of effectuating this policy as soon as possible." At about the same time Mr. Stimson said that the War Department had withdrawn its ban on the Jewish Commonwealth resolution, held up in Congress last spring at the request of General Marshall. None of this activity will save Jewish lives in Hitler's Europe; it comes too late for that. But if the ban on immigration into Palestine is removed, the plight—mental and material—of surviving Jews after the war will be greatly eased.

*

THE NAVY'S ACCEPTANCE OF NEGRO WOMEN in the Waves is a long-overdue step which will be welcomed by all who have been fighting against discrimination in the armed forces. It is announced that a limited group of specially qualified Negroes will be commissioned immediately and that enlistments will start shortly after the first of the year. The colored Waves will be trained in existing establishments, where it is to be hoped no segregation will be practiced. The Navy has a good opportunity to attack Jim Crowism by integrating new recruits, after they are trained, in existing units. The Coast Guard has announced that the Naval ruling includes enlistment in the Spars; it is to be hoped that the Marine Corps will quickly follow suit and open its doors on an unsegregated basis to qualified Negro women.

Why F.D.R.?

THE NATION is for the reelection of Franklin D. Roosevelt because the war is now at the crucial stage of final attack upon the German Reich and upon the approaches to Tokyo, and any change at the top might be disturbing. In this, the second war-time election in America's history, the opposition has not dared challenge Mr. Roosevelt's conduct of the war as Lincoln's was challenged in 1864. The evidence of his competence, from Aachen to Leyte, is so strong that his war record has escaped direct attack even in a campaign that has seen prevarications as extraordinary as Clare Luce's "He lied us into war." On this campaign battlefront the Republican platform and Governor Dewey have limited themselves to a curious stand against "civilian interference" with the military. We call it curious because civilian control of the army and navy through a civilian Commander-in-Chief is basic in our constitutional system, and we find it amusing because Dewey has himself sought to interfere with the General Staff by demanding greater recognition for MacArthur and by suggesting that Germany and Japan be occupied only by "those who voluntarily choose to remain in the army when peace comes."

We think Lincoln's homely parable about not changing horses while crossing a stream is advice as good in 1944 as it was in 1864, and we believe the results on November 7 will show that a majority of the American people agree.

The Nation is also for the reelection of Franklin D. Roosevelt because it believes his leadership best calculated to provide a solution of our two basic post-war problems—jobs at home and peace abroad. Neither party has a program that is at all adequate to the achievement of full employment, but Mr. Roosevelt's record, his sympathetic attitude toward popular distress and aspiration, his willingness to experiment are too valuable to lose. The strongest testimonial to the general soundness of his domestic policies in the past is that the Republican platform in 1944, as in 1940 and in 1936, dares not question the great social and economic reforms of the Roosevelt era, although they were bitterly fought by the Republican Party.

Dewey's principal line when stripped down to essentials is that he can carry on the New Deal more efficiently than the President. But the amazing series of errors and misstatements which have marked the Dewey campaign indicate that the Governor and his entourage are far from being as efficient as they say they are. And their sincerity is rendered dubious by the character of the men behind Dewey, from Hoover to Gannett. Repeal of the basic New Deal measures is no longer a political possibility, but they could be nullified and rendered ineffective by shrewd amendment and hostile administra-

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tion, as were the Wilson reform agencies during the twenties. Only the gullible will believe the New Deal can safely be intrusted to the Old Guard.

More urgent than these domestic problems is the problem of establishing an international order that can prevent World War III. For this task we believe Mr. Roosevelt and his party clearly and incomparably the superior. The Democratic Party is deeply divided on domestic policy, but in the foreign field its right-wing Southerners are predominantly Wilsonians and as fully committed to world cooperation as are its liberals. This cannot be said of the Republican Party. On domestic policy the ferocious red-baiting of the G. O. P. campaign —extending so far right as to include the red-baiter Berle himself—will convince the astute that the Republicans are only paying lip-service in pledging themselves to carry on the reforms of the New Deal period. On foreign policy the strong isolationist undercurrent in the Republican campaign, the support of Dewey by the quasi-fascist Hearst-Patterson-McCormick-Gannett press, and Dewey's own irresponsible dabbling in issues likely to divide the United Nations, all create a similiar skepticism. The shade of the 1920 campaign is a warning that Republican pledges of international cooperation cannot be trusted. Obviously, the Chicago *Tribune* and Gerald L. K. Smith think they need not be taken too seriously. And as against Dewey's recent conversion to international cooperation stands the President's record. For all his compromises, no other world leader and no other major American political figure has so consistent a record of opposition to isolationism and appeasement. That Clare Luce can call the author of the 1937 quarantine speech the "world's leading isolationist and appeaser" only serves to underscore the dishonesty of the campaign her party has been conducting against the President.

For Republicans who place the desire for a stable peace above blind loyalty to party or blind hatred of the President, the choice has been made clear by the contrast between Governor Dewey's speech before the *Herald Tribune* forum and the President's address before the Foreign Policy Association in New York. Walter Lippmann was led by the Governor's mischievous intervention in the Russo-Polish negotiations—in support of the reactionary wing of the Polish Government-in-Exile—and by "the reckless inaccuracy" of his remarks about the Rumanian armistice to come out for President Roosevelt's reelection. Dewey's distortion of the Italian problem and his odd play to the "soft-peace" gallery—the Chicago *Tribune* found this gratifying; said he was "on firm ground" there—are equally open to criticism. More compelling is the fact that the President, in his Foreign Policy Association speech, answered the key question raised by Senator Ball and evaded by Governor Dewey. A new international organization will be helpless and ineffective if the American representative must go back to Congress on every occasion when force is needed to nip aggression. Mr. Roosevelt agrees with Senator Ball that our representative "must be endowed in advance" by Congress with authority to act in emergencies. Here we leave generalities behind and come to the crucial question if World War III is to be prevented. And here Mr. Roosevelt again provides the inescapable answer.

The Air Conference

FOR the fourth time in recent months the United States is to be host to an important international conference which, if successful, should help lay the foundations for more effective cooperation after the war comes to an end. The International Civil Aviation Conference, which opens in Chicago on November 1, will probably not receive as much attention in the press as was accorded to the Dumbarton Oaks, Bretton Woods, and the food conferences that preceded it. The issues confronting it are perhaps not so crucial. Yet they are substantial. Mankind's hope of profiting by the recent tremendous technical advances in aviation depends very largely on the success of the conference. Moreover, failure to achieve an international agreement on air policy would endanger the entire structure of international cooperation. If post-war aviation is to be marked by unfettered nationalistic competition, the chances for collaboration in other spheres will be slight indeed.

The conference, however, is bound to encounter great difficulties from the start. While there is general agreement on the desirability of removing the existing nationalistic obstructions to air transport, there are sharp differences of opinion as to method—particularly between the American and the British delegations. The British, after consultation with the dominions, have stated their position in an official White Paper. They propose the immediate establishment of an international air authority which, while granting the rights of innocent passage, would fix quotas for international traffic, prescribe rates, and establish technical standards. This authority would ultimately be affiliated with a world security organization. The United States, Russia, and China apparently oppose the British plan. Although the American position has never crystallized fully, A. A. Berle, who will head the American delegation at the conference, is known to believe that the controls proposed by the British would interfere with the development of the aviation industry. A difference in opinion between the British and Americans reflects the dominant economic tendencies in each country. In Britain a growing belief in government controls tends to the acceptance of a "chosen instrument" or government-owned airline; in America "free enterprise" and unrestricted competi-

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tion is the preference, with certain important voices raised in its defense.

Reconciliation of these conflicting viewpoints will not be easy. The United States is justified in demanding that the right of innocent passage be broadened so as to assure transit and landing privileges throughout the world. But it cannot expect these privileges if it seeks to exploit the advantages which the war has given the American aviation industry to the detriment of that of other countries. The British can make a strong case for some form of international controls which will give them a fair share in post-war trade. Quite apart from this, an international authority is clearly needed to prevent a wasteful and dangerous publicly subsidized scramble for air traffic. And it is needed to bring aviation within the scope of the post-war security provisions.

Progress in the Balkans

DEVELOPMENTS in the Balkans are as fascinating from the political as from the military point of view. Militarily, Germany has been left without sufficient territory to enable it to fight a delaying action. The Red Army has eliminated the Germans from Rumania and Bulgaria; it has crossed the Danube and entered Yugoslavia, with the full consent of Marshal Tito; Belgrade has fallen to the combined Russian and Yugoslav forces. The British have now landed in the Peloponnesus. From the moment that happened, political issues took precedence over military. Two spheres of influence became clearly defined: the Russian in the northern Balkan states; the British in Greece, Albania, and possibly Turkey.

The first thing the British heard on landing was the chant of the Greek people: "No king but popular rule!" Since then the demand has been steadily growing in volume until it reached climactic expression at a demonstration on October 18, when Prime Minister Papandreou addressed the people of Athens. It is the same old story. The "technicians" of the foreign offices never understand the true implications of what is going on in Europe. They are incapable of providing a policy suited to the mood of the peoples whom their armies are liberating, whether it is in France, Italy, or the Balkans. In Greece the British have finally discovered, apparently, that the E. A. M. (anti-Nazi resistance coalition) is much stronger than they had anticipated and that it is not as completely Communist-dominated as they had thought. On the other hand, they have discovered what everyone else has long known, what we have insisted on every time we have dealt with the Greek problem: except for the British, no one wants King George to put his foot on Greek ground again.

In Bulgaria the Russians scored a remarkable diplomatic victory. After the collapse of Murianov's government a new Cabinet was formed composed of all the elements which had opposed the fascist policy of the Philov regency—Stambulisky Agrarians, Socialists, Democrats, Left Agrarians, and Communists. Bulgaria's new foreign policy is directed entirely to the closest possible collaboration with the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia. The Russians have shown their support of the new government by holding the former rulers, not the people, responsible for Bulgaria's course during the war.

So far as Yugoslavia is concerned, Tito has demonstrated his deep conviction that there cannot be a real Yugoslavia without federation with Bulgaria. On October 5 an agreement was reached between Tito and the Bulgarian Fatherland Front government for the "total liquidation of the German forces in the Balkan peninsula" and for the reparation of "the injustices committed against the peoples of Yugoslavia by reactionary and fascist elements of the Bulgarian army." Tito's solution of the Macedonian question, which would give Macedonia equal status with Croatia and Serbia within a federal union, will be essential in eliminating further misunderstanding between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria and may open the road to federation.

As for Rumania, Russia has succeeded in liberating the country from its German masters and from its most obnoxious domestic quislings, although a thorough purge is yet to be carried out. In Hungary confusion and civil war still rule. Szalasi, the latest "Premier," holds office only by grace of the Nazis. Horthy is reported by the Germans to have "sought asylum" in the Reich; if this is true, it puts an automatic end to the efforts of Horthy's emissaries in Russia to arrange an armistice. But whatever Horthy's fate may be, he is of no use to anyone, even in the most temporary capacity. His past has completely compromised him, and he is, moreover, old, stupid, and a drunkard. As Count Karolyi has declared in London, the workers and soldiers who are rising against Germany and "joining the liberating Russian army" provide the only force which can rescue Hungary from its corrupt past.

The general outlook for Southeastern Europe is brighter than it has been for some time, but it will continue bright only if a clear and sincere understanding between Russia and Great Britain is achieved. The Churchill-Stalin talks have ended in an agreement on Bulgaria, but the Greek situation is still unsettled. Russia, judging by its policy until now, will support all democratic forces in the Balkans. Should Britain continue its former policy in Greece and refuse to give the Greek people a genuine opportunity to rebuild their democratic institutions, the rift in the Balkans will become increasingly real, and the region will become again a source of disunity and disorder on the European continent.

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The War Fronts

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

IT MAY be well to recall that it is 2,000 miles from Leyte to Tokyo—about 600 miles more than it is from Saipan to Tokyo, in fact. We are going to the Japanese capital by the roundabout route, at present—perhaps a case of the longest way round being the shortest way home. But the Imperial High Command will certainly remember, meanwhile, that it is about the same distance from Saipan to Formosa as from the northern New Guinea coast to Leyte; and if a 600-ship convoy can proceed unmolested from New Guinea to Leyte, another one may well proceed from Saipan to Formosa.

The Japanese have an impossible task in the Philippines because the United States has sea control of the approaches to the Philippines, air control over all the islands, numerical superiority in men and machines, and complete grasp of the initiative, which last allows General MacArthur to apply his superior strength at one decisive point after another. The enemy is trying to hold too much territory with too little strength, just as the United Nations did in the early months of the war. The result will be the same in this case as it was in that—defeat in detail, with cumulative loss of troops, ground, and advantageous positions. The only difference is that Japan has no such reserves of man-power and no such production resources to fall back on as the United Nations had. This difference in recuperative power means defeat for Japan.

The acceleration of victory is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the remarkable Pacific war. In eleven months the safe area of action for the United States Pacific fleet has been advanced from Tarawa 3,800 miles to Formosa, with each 1,000 miles accruing quicker than the last; in sixteen months MacArthur's forces have advanced from Milne Bay in New Guinea 2,500 miles to Leyte, with each 100 miles accruing incomparably quicker than the last. The weekly foot-by-foot jungle fighting on New Guinea must seem a dream to MacArthur's veterans today, who have leaped from the steaming coast to Morotai and 600 miles farther on to Leyte in a month, thumbing their noses at the rest of Halmahera, the Moluccas, and Celebes as they went. This kind of acceleration throws out the old strategic concepts, and should demonstrate to the peacemakers the fallacy of attempting to control the Pacific by holding all its islands: you hold one "impregnably" and the enemy goes blithely by (the Japanese still hold Truk), or you hold it and the enemy applies superior force locally and pushes you off it.

Of course a great fleet is needed to do this; MacArthur has kept his promise ("I shall return") because Spruance, Halsey, Mitscher, and Mitscher's fliers have made it possible. That fortnight of strikes at the Ryukyus, Formosa, and Luzon swept the Japanese supply lines to the Philippines, sank the ships that could carry reinforcements, and destroyed the aircraft that might have interfered with the big convoy. Halsey's Third Fleet, with Mitscher's Task Force 58 attached, has been away from home for a month, breaking all records for operational duration, sorties flown, and destruction visited upon the enemy; the fleet train, supplying even mail to the sailors at sea, has in this month been brought to the highest peak of efficiency and skill thus far reached, and again all predictions as to the need for bases hard by the enemy must be revised in the light of what has happened in Japanese home waters during these weeks.

As for the landings themselves, the plan, even at this early judging, seems to have been perfect. Air-borne strikes at Mindanao led the Japanese to reinforce that southernmost island, which, with Luzon, forms the strategic prize of the Philippines. (Compare Allied air attacks on the Pas de Calais, German reinforcing of that area, and the Allied landing in Normandy.) With the Japanese watching these two outer islands, MacArthur landed between them, in a protected gulf directly available from the Pacific, on an island large enough to permit the deployment of his forces but not strategically important enough to have attracted more than one enemy division. Early seizure of Tacloban and Dulag airfields provides land-based fighter cover for the ground troops, and our control of sea and air should prevent large-scale enemy reinforcing.

Mindanao may well be left to wither on the vine; it is by-passed, and its garrison is no more than a nuisance to us, though certainly something more than that to the Filipinos. Luzon is the key: what we need for the next step is a brace of harbors like Manila and Subic bays, and airfields and naval bases from which to cut the Indies-Japan supply line and cover the projected Formosa-China coast operations. Politically and spiritually, the liberation of the Philippines is of enormous value to our cause; militarily, it is of value in so far as it will enable us to cut the Japanese lifeline to the south and mount the offensive which will carry the war against Japan's principal source of strength—the army on the Chinese mainland and the industrial establishments of Manchuria and the home islands.

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Robert F. Wagner

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 20

REPORTS from New York indicate that we are in danger of losing the United States Senate's foremost progressive. I refer to Robert F. Wagner. His reelection is second in importance only to the reelection of the President. No man in the Congress of the United States has a more thorough understanding of the foreign and domestic problems that face us in the post-war world; none is more dependably enlightened than Senator Wagner. Strong support in the Senate is essential to the President in the making of the peace, and Wagner by industry and integrity has won great influence there. He is chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, and in that position will be responsible for piloting through the upper house the proposals worked out at Bretton Woods for a more stable and prosperous international monetary order. On the Foreign Relations Committee, which will play so crucial a part in the establishment of a United Nations organization, he is outranked only by Senator George. With the retirement of Cotton Ed Smith, Wagner becomes ranking Democratic member of the key Interstate Commerce Committee.

Senator Wagner's great trouble is his good record. We have all come to take him for granted. Other progressive Senators I could name have made their quota of compromises, and not a few in New Deal and Democratic Party ranks have often made us wonder just where they do stand. More attention is paid to them because of the very effort to keep them in line. But everyone feels sure of "Bob" Wagner, and everyone assumes that he will always be there to fall back on when there is a particularly hard and unspectacular job to do. Aside from his silence on the Supreme Court proposal—he was afraid of jeopardizing his public-housing program—and a wavering attitude toward the St. Lawrence project, the record of Wagner's eighteen years in the Senate is a record that will stand hypercritical examination. It is a record of consistency and courage unsurpassed by either Norris or the elder La Follette. And when the accounts are tallied and the history of our time comes to be written, it will be seen that no Senator—not even the two revered names with which I have coupled his—has a longer list of solid achievements in the field of social reform than Robert F. Wagner.

These estimates are not mine alone. They are shared by most progressives in the capital. Unfortunately, they are the sort of things reserved for funeral eulogies. I think they ought to be said now, when Wagner needs support—and when we need Wagner. His story and his record are well known, perhaps too well known. In politics, as in some other unrespectable professions, virtue lacks glamor. The little German boy of eight who landed at Castle Garden on Christmas Day, 1885, lived an American success story that deviates in one important respect from the hallowed pattern. He knew what it was to live in a slum basement, to eat stale rolls, to sell papers on icy street corners; so did many outstanding men of his generation. But most of them moved from the ranks of the exploited to the service of their exploiters. Wagner, at sixty-seven, is still the champion of the underprivileged. From the days when he investigated the Triangle fire and wrote the New York factory code down to his present sponsorship of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill to bring 12,000,000 more workers under unemployment insurance and 30,000,000 more Americans under old-age pensions, Wagner has plugged away, without demagoguery and without drama, at one task. That is to raise the living standards of the lower-income groups in our society, in the factory and on the farm.

The New Deal upsurge made most of Wagner's great achievements possible, but his is not the story of a politician who follows a trend. He was advocating unemployment insurance in the state senate at Albany as far back as 1911. He put through women's suffrage in New York long before adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment. The principles on which present war-time control of the cost of living is based were being upheld by Wagner as a state Supreme Court justice in 1918. Today a large section of the business community agrees on the necessity of planning and using public works to ease downward trends in the business cycle. Wagner introduced comprehensive legislation for this purpose in the United States Senate—in 1928. We speak of the National Labor Relations Act as the Wagner act. We could as justly apply the same designation to the Social Security Act, the housing laws of the New Deal period, the act establishing the Public Works Administration, and the Railroad Retirement acts. The United States Employment Service and the Civilian Conservation Corps were fathered by Wagner. These victories are easily enumerated, but some were painfully won. It was Wagner who insisted that Section 7-a, guaranteeing labor's right to organize, go into the National Industrial Recovery Act; he threatened to withdraw the NRA bill unless it did. It was Wagner who fought against the hostility of the Democratic Party leaders in the Senate to write collective bargaining into the law of the land in the Wagner

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act—with little more than benevolent neutrality from the hard-pressed White House to help him. And I can testify from my own personal knowledge to the courage with which Wagner resisted a cabal of powerful publishers—including one New Dealer—who tried to force him to agree to stultifying amendment of the Wagner act as the price of their support for his reelection in 1938. Roy Howard was one of them. Wagner declined to sell labor down the river, and won anyway.

In the light of this record, every friend of labor must blush with shame at the failure of the A. F. of L. in New York to give Wagner full support in this election, despite the indorsement of William Green. The so-called "Non-Partisan Committee" of the New York Federation of Labor indorsed Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., the Martin Dies of New York State—but it did not indorse Robert F. Wagner. The Central Trades and Labor Council of Greater New York City did, indeed, give him its unanimous support, but then its Building Trades department broke away and indorsed Thomas J. Curran, his Republican opponent. Back of this revolt was that six-foot oaf, Hutcheson of the Carpenters, the proletarian leader with the big diamond ring who wanted to be Dewey's running-mate and aspires to be his Secretary of Labor. The imbecile excuse was that Wagner, who has done more than any other man in public life to provide public-works jobs for the building trades, hadn't brought enough construction work to New York! Equally unscrupulous is the effort to arouse the veterans against him because he voted "no" on the bonus. If veterans want jobs and security instead of hand-outs, Wagner is their man. It was he who wrote unemployment compensation and veterans' job centers into the G. I. Bill of Rights, and it was he who fought to liberalize that measure by increasing mustering-out pay for veterans, dependency allowances, and education grants.

Wagner has other troubles, troubles—as the ad says—which we don't talk about. Tammany is lying down on the job of reelecting him, although Wagner has been a loyal party man and is one of the decrepit Tiger's few glories, lasting testimonial to the vision of its old boss Charlie Murphy, who picked Wagner with Al Smith and Surrogate Foley as three young men who would reflect credit on the party—and all three did. Linked with this is a disgraceful religious angle. Wagner is a Protestant. In 1932 the Republicans tried to defeat him with a Jewish candidate, George Z. Medalie. This year they are trying with a mediocre ward heeler but one who is a professional Irishman and a professional Catholic, darling of the isolationist *Irish Echo* and the *Gaelic American*, house organ of New York Coughlinites. I think the Republicans will be as unsuccessful in corralling "the Irish vote" against Wagner as they were in corralling "the Jewish vote" against him. In the meantime this undercover issue isn't making life easier for Al Smith's oldest and closest political associate, a proved and constant friend of minority groups in America. The most dramatic testimonial came when the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People broke a long-standing rule and for the first time in its history indorsed a political candidate. Walter White's moving radio appeal for the reelection of Wagner was richly merited recompense for Wagner's constant championship of justice for the Negro and his persistent fight for federal anti-lynching legislation. Wagner deserves all the support he needs, and he needs plenty this year. His defeat would deal American liberalism a blow as severe as the defeat and death of George W. Norris.

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THERE IS A REPORT CURRENT, and believed, we know, by some sober men, that the late gold operation was planned by Mr. Abel Corbin, the President's brother-in-law, with the President's connivance or approval—a large portion of the profits to be appropriated to him or his family; . . . that Gould and Fisk were called in to aid and abet it; and that Fisk was actually allowed to discuss the matter with General Grant on his boat.—*October 7, 1869.*

THE *TRIBUNE* of Thursday printed a letter from Colonel J. W. Powell describing his romantic voyage through the cañons of the Colorado River, in which interested parties had rumored that he and his companions had perished. . . . There may yet be excursions to the Colorado as there are now to the Yo-Semite.—*October 7, 1869.*

WHAT THE DOCTORS are telling us about the changes which are occurring in the types of disease at the present day, and the increasing prevalence of nervous and brain diseases, seems to have been seized upon by the novelists as affording some fresh material. . . . The hectic cheek and the hacking cough which used to heighten a heroine's beauty and deepen a reader's sympathy begin to give place in interest to a numbness in the cerebellar region, a stinging pain along the spine, and certain accompanying mental aberrations. The average novel-reader, who must in his time have wept over more interesting consumptives than he will care to remember, will probably rejoice in the change.—*October 7, 1869.*

THE NEWS FROM SPAIN seems to be about as bad as possible. There are partial risings of the Republicans in every direction, and these are repressed by the government with sanguinary energy, but apparently without restoring order. —*October 14, 1869.*

THE TELEGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT of the death on the thirteenth instant of M. Sainte-Beuve must have been to some readers of this journal the saddest literary tidings that they have ever received from across the ocean. The most accomplished critic, the most delightful and instructive talker upon literature, of this generation, to whose weekly *causerie* now for twenty years we all have been welcome as listeners, has spoken his last word.—*October 28, 1869.*

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The People Are Indivisible

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

IT HAS taken us a long time to agree on the precise words in which the issue of this war should be put, but we have always known in our bones what the issue was. We have always realized that what was at stake was the relation of individual men and women to the governments under which they lived. We have realized that the outcome of the war would determine how individual men and women would live under government for generations to come—and not only in fascist countries and in the countries conquered by the fascists but in other countries as well, even our own. We have known, that is to say, that the basic issue of the war was whether men were to live from this time forth as citizens of a nation or as subjects of a state.

And there was something else we knew also. We knew that this same issue would be the issue not only of the war but of the peace. For we realized—and it was this that made it difficult for us to put the issue of the war in definite and certain words—we realized that the war could not itself resolve the issue which produced it. Or rather the war alone could not decide that issue in our favor: it could, against us. If the fascists won, men everywhere, in this country as well as in other countries, would come to live, sooner or later, as subjects of a state. In a universe of ant colonies no ants can survive which do not organize and discipline themselves on the helot model. If we won, men would have at least a chance to live as citizens of a nation. There would be a chance to construct men's lives on the surface of the earth in the free light and sweet air, rather than underground in the mutually exclusive, darkly hateful, armed and ignorant corridors of the colonies of ants. It was, I think, because we saw very well that to win the war was not thereby to win the issue of the war, while to lose the war was to lose everything, that we found it so difficult to put our purpose in the war in words.

But now that our victory in the war itself is certain—now that the defensive victory in arms is sure—the difficulty of the declaration of our purpose disappears. We can declare a purpose in the making of the peace which we could not have declared with confidence in the waging of the war. And that purpose is not peace. Peace can never be a purpose in itself, for peace, like war, is a resultant, and those who try to seize it in itself, like those who grasp for images in water, will lose the gains they have. Our purpose is a world in which a peace will be conceivable. Which means a world in which the power will be held by those who do not wish for war. Which means, in turn, a world in which the people hold the power. Our purpose in the peace is the affirmation of our purpose in the war. In the war we fought to overcome the forces which would turn all citizens to subjects. In the peace we aim to make a world in which men everywhere shall live as citizens—a world in which no ant-hill state shall dig us down to slavery and darkness by the dread of war.

I say that is our purpose. I mean, it should be. If we intend the words we speak about the war, our purpose, now the war is ending, will be this. There is no possibility of peace but in the practice of democracy, and there is no possibility of the practice of democracy if any corner of the world is held by fascist power, armed and prepared for war—or arming and preparing. If we mean what we have said, if we mean to make a peace, then there is no stopping in our purpose short of this—this purpose: a world in which men everywhere shall live as citizens, a world in which the people shall possess the power. And not here alone, or in the countries of our allies in this war, but everywhere.

But do we truly mean this? Do our agents and our representatives in other countries mean this? Do party leaders, candidates for office, makers of opinion mean this? Do we ourselves, as a people, as a nation, mean this? To mean that the ant-hill state shall be destroyed throughout the world, we must intend that men shall rule themselves throughout the world. We must advance, not for ourselves alone but for the people everywhere, the great American proposition on which the founders of this nation stood. We must believe positively and not passively, literally and not as a figure of speech, that the people ought to govern themselves because the people *can* govern themselves, and because the government of the people by themselves will make for peace. And do we believe it? Do we believe it, now, in fact, of all men, everywhere—and mean it?

We have made a practice of dividing the parties to this war into democrats and fascists, ourselves and the dictators, white and black, good and evil. The division on this issue of the peace is not so simple. There are men other than the men now or lately in control of Germany and Italy and Japan who do not in truth and fact believe in the people and in their right to rule themselves. Some of them, like the masters of the fascist states, disbelieve in the people because they despise the people, or because they fear the people, or because they want what the people might not wish to

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let them have. But there are others, and they are not few, and they do not live in Germany only or in Italy or in Japan, who disbelieve in the people not because they despise the people, or hate the people, or fear them, but for an honest reason, a regretful reason—because they doubt the ability of the people to govern in the modern world, because they think the complexity of the modern world is such that the people cannot possibly comprehend it and cannot, therefore, govern it by their majorities or by their votes.

The real enemies in the struggle for the peace we say we want are these men, not our enemies in arms. It is because of them that the struggle for the peace is doubtful. The doubtful struggles are the struggles in which no one knows his adversary—in which the adversary may walk beside him as a friend—may even be himself. And this is such a conflict. If the division were clear, if we on our side were united in acceptance of the proposition that the people can and ought to govern, there would be no question about the making of a successful peace. If we and our principal allies in the war were so united, there would be no question. Indeed, if even we alone, we Americans who first advanced the proposition of the people, were united in a firm and fierce belief, the question would be answered.

But are we so united? I am not thinking, when I ask this, of the practical politicians who sneer and snigger at the notion that the Hottentots can rule themselves, or that the Chinese can, or the Negroes in Mississippi. I am not thinking of the cynical men, or the selfish men, or the interested men, or the evil men. I am thinking of the rest, who are not cynical or evil. I am thinking of those who describe themselves as realistic and disinterested observers of their time—those who have seen what they have seen, those who put realities above the rhetoric no matter who composed the rhetoric, even Lincoln.

I am thinking of the disinterested observers who will tell you that the proliferation of printed matter in our time has become so vast and measureless that it threatens to bury the libraries, and that no citizen, no matter how conscientious, can learn a fraction of the things he needs to know to know his duty; of the students of technical matters who remind you that the multiplication of skills and crafts in our epoch has become so great, and the elaboration of technologies so intricate, that few citizens of any degree of intelligence—to say nothing of the masses of the citizens—can comprehend how the things they use and need the most are made; of the economists who point out that ours is a period in which the operations of commerce and of banking are so delicately and mysteriously adjusted that the writing of a number on a blackboard in New York may shake the lives of men and women in Australia by means no common citizen can comprehend; of the scholarly persons who remark that science in our generation has given over the explanation of the mysteries that every man can see, and has disappeared instead into the invisible world beyond the magnifying glass and behind the mathematical symbols, whence far explorers send their messages in codes and symbols that only their fellow-voyagers, and not always they, are able to decipher; of the philosophers who observe that space in our world has been turned into time, and that debt has been turned into wealth, and that men no longer work to build but to buy, and that nothing is what it seems, and that even the thing that seems is past the common man's conception.

What endangers, what really endangers, the making of the peace is not contempt for the people in the propaganda of our open enemies but this skepticism of our friends—and of ourselves. Few Americans, however realistic and objective, will openly repudiate the proposition Mr. Jefferson advanced, or reject the words in which, at Gettysburg, it took the shape that men remember. Most of us give at least the service of our lips to the American doctrine that the people—not the American people only but the People—can govern themselves and of right ought to. Our doubts are only reservations. But there are times when reservations are as dangerous as denials, times indeed when they can be more dangerous. When the world demands an act of faith, the reservations which deprive belief of passion, faith of ardor, can be worse than open treason. For they are not spoken and cannot be fought.

This is our danger as we make the peace: that we wish it but with reservations; that we do not sufficiently desire what we must desire if a peace is to be made; that we do not sufficiently believe what we must believe if we want a world in which a peace is possible. Many of us, even of the best of us, are all too ready to condone the questioning of the people's right to govern, the open doubts of the capacity of the people, which cynical publishers and politicians have expressed in words at home, and agents of this government have expressed in deeds abroad. Many of us, though we resent that conduct and those sneers in words, believe in our hearts that the doubts they imply are justified. Many of us, far too many of us, though we use the words for peace and liberty and freedom, do not believe at bottom, or do not believe enough, that the one essential condition of peace and liberty and freedom can be realized in the actual world.

If this is true, and if we fail to make the peace our victory demands of us, our failure will not be a failure of our possibilities but of our faith. And such a failure would be very strange. For we of all the nations of the earth, and ours of all the generations that have talked of people's governments and power, have now most reason to believe. Faith in the people is the deep American faith, and our generation is the generation which has

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seen more reasons to accept that faith than any which have lived before us. We have the proof before our eyes. We have the proof not in our own people only but in the peoples of France, Greece, Spain, Poland, and other countries—the visible and unanswerable proof that the people are capable, in the face of every difficulty and every risk, of governing themselves, of disciplining themselves, of resisting to death and beyond death, that the people are capable of governing themselves in the highest and noblest meaning of the word govern.

Jean-Paul Sartre has said all this superbly in an article which has made a deep impression on the French, an article published in Paris in *Les Lettres Françaises*.

> They did not fight in the daylight, like soldiers—in every circumstance they were alone, they were pursued and arrested in their solitude. And it was in their loneliness, in their complete nakedness, that they resisted torture, alone and stripped before their well-shaven, well-fed, and well-dressed executioners, who mocked their pitiful flesh and whose complacent consciences and incredible social power gave every evidence of their being in the right.
>
> Alone. Without the help of a friendly hand or any encouragement whatsoever. However, in the very depth of this solitude there were the others, all the others, all the comrades of resistance, whom they were defending. One single word sufficient to provoke ten or a hundred new arrests. This total responsibility in total solitude—was not this the final revelation of our liberty?
>
> Thus, in blood and shadows, a republic erected itself, the strongest of republics. Each of its citizens knew what he owed to every other, and that each could count on that alone. Each of them understood, in the completest loneliness, his historic role and responsibility. Each of them undertook to be himself freely, irremediably against the oppressors. And in his freedom in choosing himself, he chose the freedom of all. This republic, without institutions, army, or police, made every Frenchman affirm and maintain it against Nazism and at every moment. No one here failed it.

How, with the proof of France before us, with the proof of the whole resistance before us, can we doubt, how can we permit ourselves to question, the great declaration of faith and of belief which brought this nation also into being? How, with this proof before us,

STUDY IN SELF-RESTRAINT

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with the proof of our own tremendous effort in the war before us, can we fail to silence the doubts, the reservations, which say that a people's peace cannot be made because a people's government is now no longer possible, or is only possible here, or in a few more fortunate countries, or under the best and the most favorable conditions? How, in the face of the mobilization of our own people for the war, in the face of these "republics of silence and of the night," can we lack an answer to the doubts which tell us that a modern civilization is too complicated and intricate and arcane and vast for the people to understand and govern, or that only the Americans, or only the most exceptional peoples, can govern in such a world? Can it not be answered to these doubters, whether in ourselves, or beside us in the streets, or elsewhere, that the peoples of many nations have accomplished in the dark, and in the dread of death, and naked, what we say cannot be done? Can it not be answered that men and women who have conquered their own fears, and fought a revolution with their empty hands, and nourished a republic in their nakedness and silence, have proved that men can understand more complicated problems than the bankers ever thought of, and master mysteries no scientist has seen?

The act of faith is never easy. It is not easy now, for faith is an action in our generation as it has not been for centuries. More are hated for belief than for their deeds, and more are punished for it—many ways of punishment. Nevertheless, if one thing in this terrible time is certain it is this—that only an act of faith can win this war, can win the issue that this war was fought for. If we cannot find again the faith in the people which moved the founders of this republic, if we cannot capture the new-found faith in themselves which upheld the peoples of Europe, the war our arms will win will not be won beyond the ranges of our guns or the enlistment of our armies. But if we can read our own past and believe it, if we can read the present of the men of Europe and believe it, the war will be won in places where no gun could ever strike, and still be won long after the last army is disbanded.

[*The foregoing is the text of the speech delivered by Mr. MacLeish at the* Nation *conference on October 8.*]

Alexis Carrel

[*Dispatch from Paris: Dr. Alexis Carrel, director of the Vichy-supported Carrel Institute and one-time scientific associate of Charles A. Lindbergh, was reported under arrest as a collaborationist.*]

This man of science, with uncanny art,
Contrived to keep alive a chicken heart.
A sorry triumph, death thus to postpone,
And in the process atrophy his own.

MELVILLE CANE

In the Wind

AT A CONFERENCE on post-war problems sponsored by the National Association of Manufacturers, the Michigan Manufacturers' Association, the Detroit Board of Commerce, and the Employers' Association of Detroit, one of the participating experts was John W. Scoville, economist of the Chrysler Corporation. During a question-and-answer period he was asked, "Under free economy, how do you propose to take care of the slum areas?" This was his answer: "You are worrying about something that doesn't need to be worried about. If the people living in slums don't like them, let them move out. Some people like to live in one-room shacks. There is no solution to this problem. Certainly industry doesn't intend to attempt the impossible."

AN EMPLOYEE of the General Electric Company reports that the head of his department told the people under him that the company would like to raise wages but the War Labor Board wouldn't let it, and added, "Probably with a change in Administration, we'll be able to augment your salary appreciably."

THIS IS FROM a speech by Malcolm McDermott, copies of which are being distributed by the Committee for Constitutional Government: "If a majority vote means democracy, then Germany and Italy (before her fall) were two of the most perfect democracies among the nations! . . . If 54 or 60 per cent of the popular vote for a party in this country make a democracy, then we must bow to Europe's two high-powered dictatorships as the arch-democracies of all time!"

AND THE *FORTNIGHTLY LETTER* of the Connecticut Economic Council, looking forward to the end of the war, says, "Now we must soon resume our old task of making democracy safe for the world."

TIDE, an advertising trade magazine, reports that a store in Los Angeles is recording Japanese propaganda broadcasts and rebroadcasting them over a local station as an entertainment feature, under the title "Lies from Tokyo." To avoid any misunderstanding, American commentators interpret the records. The program is very popular.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS has officially announced that if Negroes and whites attend meetings in any of its buildings they will be segregated. Officials of the university point out that segregation has always been their policy, but that the formal announcement "relieves administrative officers of any question which might come up soon."

FESTUNG EUROPA: When the general uprising in Slovakia began, the Nazis said it was the work of Communists. Now they have changed their minds. A recent official broadcast stated that the partisans "recruit their forces from the higher and middle classes."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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British Labor Sides with Russia

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Blackpool, October 18

AFTER two days of formalities and desultory discussion of domestic issues, the Trade Union Congress was stirred today by a lively debate on the post-war treatment of Germany and the question of the responsibility of the German people for Nazi crimes. Interest in the subject was indicated by the long queue of would-be speakers who formed before the rostrum, but although a good many had the opportunity to give their views, it could hardly be said that the subject was fully explored when the chairman put the question to a vote. The upshot, however, was a five-to-one victory for the General Council, whose report refused to acquit the German people of blame for the deeds of the Nazi government and indorsed Russian proposals for full restitution of damage and the use of forced German labor.

The record of British Labor on this question is not very consistent. Last year a resolution of allegedly Vansittartist inspiration was introduced in the T. U. C. paralleling one approved by the Labor Party some months earlier. The delegates expressed a strong dislike and insisted on the deletion of references to the general responsibility of the German people and on limitation of the resolution to a denunciation of Nazi crimes and a demand for their punishment. At that time supporters of the amendment cited, perhaps a little disingenuously, the lack of any settled Soviet policy for the treatment of Germany. Today this argument bounced back, for the report of the General Council put before the Congress was the report of the British members of the Anglo-Soviet Trade Union Committee and included resolutions adopted by the committee at sessions earlier this month. The report emphasized that "it was the opinion of the Soviet trade unions that property destroyed by the Germans should be restored by the Germans. The hope was expressed that they would have the support of the British trade unions in this lawful demand as they, the Soviet trade unions, would support any such demand for restoration of the destruction wrought in Britain."

This report was actually only circulated the day before the debate, and the General Council's opponents suggested that it was guilty of sharp practice in attempting to overthrow last year's decision by this rush procedure. Whatever the ethics of the tactics employed, they were certainly effective; General Secretary Sir Walter Citrine had his case prepared and documented while the opposition was forced to improvise. But undoubtedly the greatest strength of the General Council's position lay in the fact that it could be presented as something agreed upon between the Russians and the British. And the most significant result of today's debate was the indorsement by British Labor of Soviet plans for the use of German conscript labor after the war, even though it was somewhat modified by the proposal of safeguards to insure that this labor did not degenerate into slavery.

The employment of German workers in this fashion and the question of the extent of responsibility of the German people for the crimes committed by their government were the two issues on which the speakers concentrated. As Citrine pointed out, they hang together, because if we exonerate the German people we cannot justifiably force them to make reparation. But opposition speakers were not prepared to accept this logic and challenged both propositions. The only delegate to move reference back, the veteran Socialist Walter Padley of the National Union of Distributive and Allied Workers, stood squarely on the old anti-imperialist line, maintaining that crimes of aggression cannot be ascribed to Germany alone and that all the major nations share the guilt. Most of the delegates supporting his motion were reluctant to follow this argument. They concentrated rather on the implications of the reparations policy for British labor, recalling the consequences of the Versailles reparations clauses for the economy of this country and protesting vehemently against the idea of using German labor in Britain. In this connection Jack Tanner, leader of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, appealed to the Russians to recognize the difference between using forced labor in a socialist country and in a capitalist one —a rather ironical comment on the fate of the old ideal of solidarity of the international working class.

Citrine, in rebuttal, declared that the attempt to introduce comparisons with the reparations problem after the last war was an appeal to prejudice. Everything depended, he said, on the method of applying reparations. As far as forced labor was concerned, he pointed out that the report did not commit the British unions to its use here but merely expressed the right of this country to demand it if expedient. On the question of responsibility he asserted it would be impossible for the Nazi government to have gone on with the war without wide popular support. Recapitulating German atrocities in the war, he insisted that at the very least the German people were quiescent accessories to these crimes.

There is no doubt that today's Congress action reflects some hardening of British public opinion in regard to Germany. On the other hand, there is a good deal of

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feeling among people with whom I have discussed the problem that to pose it in terms of "hard peace versus soft peace" is a departure from realistic thinking. The realistic, important thing is a durable peace, and that means the sort of peace that all the leading members of the United Nations will be prepared to underwrite over a long period of time. Admitting that the German people cannot be wholly absolved from guilt, our aim must be to reform them rather than punish them for punishment's sake; for unless we are prepared to exterminate the Germans, we have to live in the same world with them. Finally, whatever economic penalties we impose, we have got to make sure that they won't make the rebuilding of Europe still more difficult. None of these considerations were given the attention they deserved in today's debate.

The Anglo-Soviet resolutions will now go before the World Conference of Trade Unions which the T. U. C. is summoning to meet in London next January. Presumably it will be a new bone of contention between the T. U. C. and the American Federation of Labor, whose leaders have expressed strong disapproval of Russian forced-labor proposals. Actually the A. F. of L. has already refused to participate in the world conference not only because of its longstanding refusal to cooperate with Russian unions but also because the C. I. O. and the Brotherhoods have been invited and have accepted. In his fraternal address today the Russian union representative, M. Kuznetsov, expressed regret over this refusal and hoped it would be reconsidered—a sentiment echoed by the British leaders. Although not yet officially expressed, there is a good deal of irritation here at the apparent intransigence of the A. F. of L. in regard to this matter, and the possibility of a break in relations is being canvassed. Hitherto, out of consideration for the A. F. of L., the T. U. C. has not invited the C. I. O. to its meetings or given it other encouragement. Now it has been requested by the C. I. O. to send fraternal delegates to its next convention. The decision on a reply has been held in abeyance, but I am told it is likely to be favorable if the A. F. of L. persists in its present course.

Lequerica

BY MARYA MANNES

[*The New Foreign Minister of Spain complains that Americans see his country only through the eyes of Spanish refugees. But nothing could better serve the Spanish Republican cause than this portrait of one of the most cynical ministers Spain has ever had, drawn by himself. One detail should be added to this sketch. During the First World War Señor Lequerica was a thorough Germanophile, and knowledge of this fact provoked a storm of protest in the French press when, immediately after the end of the Spanish war, Franco appointed him as his first ambassador to France.*]

THE new Spanish Foreign Minister is a big man with a worldly face in which Galician shrewdness and professional charm are equally mixed. He greeted me cordially, saying he was glad to have the opportunity to talk freely with the press and to be able, possibly, to dispel some of the illusions about Spain prevalent in America.

"You have been profoundly misinformed about us," he said, "largely because your sources have been almost entirely Spanish refugees, who have always been removed from reality. We want your opinion of Spain to be formed by Americans who see with American eyes, not by expatriate Spaniards. People do not realize, for instance," he continued, "that Spain is actually one of the most democratic countries on earth."

"No, they don't," I agreed.

"There are no really rich people any more, for one thing; and as for labor, we have instituted social legislation and reforms that are revolutionary."

"In the sense that National Socialism is revolutionary," I said.

"Exactly," said Lequerica. He then launched into a defense of the regime that sounded like the editorials in Spanish papers. "With people like the Spaniards, some control, some use of force, is essential. We are by nature extremist and anarchic and could never abide by democratic processes in the way the 'cooler' races like you and the English can. A firm hand is indispensable."

I ventured to suggest that a firm hand was indispensable to an infirm government, but Señor de Lequerica denied any thought of this, implying that the Franco regime was built on a solid basis and capable of continuity. He remarked on how infinitely better everything was than when he left France in 1939.

I then said, "Mr. Minister, assuming that the Allies are winning the war (a safe assumption, he agreed) and that therefore good relations between Spain and the United States are desirable, particularly for Spain, what do you consider important in such relations?"

"Of first importance," he said, "is that you understand us."

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"Do you know how that can be achieved?" I asked.

"I have no formula," he replied, smiling.

I then dived in. "You cannot expect America to know about Spain if you do not let American writers send anything through your censorship. The first thing you should do is radically to change your Vice-Secretariat of Education. The restrictions it imposes on journalists are fantastic in their complete divorce from present political and international realities."

Lequerica agreed, with apparent warmth. "I am aware of that," he said, "and I have already given instructions to relax the censorship rules greatly and to open all channels of information to your journalists."

"Furthermore," I said, "if Spain is really strong, it can stand a little criticism. It seems to us a sure sign of weakness that no criticism whatever is allowed to go out of the country. As a result a lot of disgruntled reporters go back to America and say nasty things about Spain. If you treated them right, they might be more tolerant."

"Anything else?" he said.

"Yes," I replied. "Americans are troubled about something else in Spain. They are troubled about the shootings that are now going on in your prisons, four years after the civil war."

The Foreign Minister raised his eyebrows in an expression of ingenuous surprise. "Shootings? Have there been? I was not aware." He scribbled a note.

"Yes," I said, "very recently, too. If you want to look into it you might inquire about the shooting of two political prisoners in Toledo last week, one of many similar instances. This disturbs us greatly."

"Of course," he said. "I shall look into it. But actually all that is practically liquidated. We want to be through with all that; we had enough of it in the civil war. I think you will find that that is a closed chapter."

"There is one more thing that troubles us in America," I went on. "Perhaps it is a delicate question."

"There are no delicate questions when one can speak frankly." He smiled. "Do let me know."

"Well, we know Spain has been full of German agents all during the war and even long before. These agents have done the Allies enormous harm. We should not like to see them live happily ever after in this country, safe from justice. What do you plan to do with them?"

"I have just been on the wire with your ambassador and Lord Templewood about that very question. We are working on it constantly. We plan to expel or intern all agents about whose activities there is incontrovertible proof. Of course we shall do nothing on the basis of denunciations. That would be a dangerous precedent."

"But you will act against proved agents?" I persisted.

"Indeed, yes. Naturally it is difficult to expel them at this moment because traveling is so difficult. But we can always intern them."

I then turned the conversation to France. "France is really your second country, is it not, Mr. Minister?"

His face lit up as he spoke of his love of France, which seemed to be centered in the food, the wine, the women, and the St. Gobin glass works, of which he is chief shareholder. He expatiated on the remarkable way life in Paris had continued in spite of the war, dwelling on the excellent restaurants, the chic women, the intellectual life, and so on. When I expressed surprise that such standards could be maintained by the French through all their privations, he said, "France has not suffered much materially. Its suffering has been largely moral."

The rest of the conversation consisted of professions of esteem for America and minor gallantries. The Spanish Foreign Minister is urbane, eloquent, and not without humor. One might say, however, that he is without convictions.

Polls, Propaganda, Politics

Columnists and Commentators

THIS column has made a special study of fourteen national columnists, each of whom appears in newspapers with a circulation of four million or more, to see how they are treating the Presidential campaign. The study covered the week of September 18-25 (during Dewey's trip to the West Coast); the columnists were Winchell, Pearson, Lippmann, Pegler, Thompson, Lawrence, Childs, Sullivan, Kent, Lyons, Lindley, Mallon, Walker, and Grafton.

It is interesting to note that whereas the newspapers of the country support Dewey about three to one, the columnists divide equally between Dewey and Roosevelt. Six are for Roosevelt—Winchell, Pearson, Grafton, Lindley, Lyons, Childs; and six are for Dewey—Pegler, Lawrence, Sullivan, Kent, Mallon, Walker. The other two, Lippmann and Thompson, have not taken a stand on the election. Thanks to the large coverage of Winchell and Pearson, the combined circulation of the newspapers in which the pro-Roosevelt columnists appear comes to about sixty-five million as against forty-five million for the pro-Dewey columnists.

Many newspapers in the country must therefore carry opposition columnists. In fact, special computations based on a recent statistical study called The Press and Politics, show that one-third of the columnists carried in pro-Dewey papers are themselves pro-Roosevelt and that about the same proportion of columnists in Democratic papers are for Dewey. Many papers, of course, carry a columnist of their own political complexion alongside one supporting the opposition. Since on the whole columnists are read more frequently than editorials, the case for Roosevelt gets a better hearing than the newspaper preference for Dewey suggests.

A similar study of nine important radio commentators—all broadcasting longer than five minutes and oftener than once a week and possessing a Hooper rating of 3 or better—was conducted about two weeks later. These were Singiser, Hale, Foster and Gladstone, Thomas, Kaltenborn, Brown, Lewis, Lange substituting for Heatter, and Vandercook sub-

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Coming

IN EARLY ISSUES OF THE NATION

STUART CHASE has written a new book, "Democracy Under Pressure," to be published by the Twentieth Century Fund as one of a series of economic studies under the general title, "When the War Ends." Several representative chapters will appear in *The Nation* before the book is published.

*

JAY ALLEN'S article in this issue is the curtain-raiser for a series on Spain. Mr. Allen was in Spain during the civil war as a newspaper correspondent, and has since kept in touch with developments there through personal contacts.

*

RAY JOSEPHS, author of "Argentine Diary," will do an article on the tense political situation in Chile.

*

PHILIP MURRAY, president of the C.I.O., and **BORIS SHISHKIN,** research director of the A. F. of L., spoke at The Nation Associates Conference on the aims of labor now and after the war. The full texts of their addresses will be published in the near future.

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stituting for Swing. The study revealed two major differences between them and the newspaper columnists: first, they gave less attention to the campaign; and, second, what attention they did give was less partisan. To a large extent both these facts reflect federal policy with respect to the treatment of controversial topics on the air. Though the study was made only about a month before Election Day, half the commentators did not mention the campaign at all, and most of those that did gave simply straight news reports of campaign events. The only real partisanship was found on two programs—Cecil Brown for Roosevelt and Fulton Lewis, Jr., for Dewey.

The Two Crucial States

On October 19 the *Fortune* survey released data giving Pennsylvania to Roosevelt with 53 per cent. Three days earlier Gallup had put the same state on the border line with 50 per cent. As we have pointed out before, Gallup usually errs slightly on the Republican side. Since Pennsylvania will probably play a decisive role, these releases are important.

Pennsylvania and New York, the two states with the largest number of electoral votes, are closely divided between the two candidates. The other states with more than twenty electoral votes—California, Illinois, Ohio, and Texas—seem at this stage to be "in the bag" for one candidate or the other. Now it so happens that Dewey must win both Pennsylvania and New York in order to be elected, whereas Roosevelt needs only one of them. From all available data Pennsylvania looks more Democratic than New York. Thus if Dewey gets Pennsylvania he will probably also get New York. But if Roosevelt gets Pennsylvania, he doesn't need New York. In a way, therefore, the *Fortune* poll giving Pennsylvania to Roosevelt predicts a Roosevelt victory.

The *Fortune* release adds, however, that the Democratic majority in Pennsylvania is "precarious." "The anthracite area," it says, "around Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, which gave Roosevelt a majority in 1940, is now leaning heavily toward Dewey. Roosevelt strength in the state is limited to the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh areas." This situation, probably the extreme example of a general decline of Roosevelt strength among union members, reflects the position of John L. Lewis. In a new release Gallup reports that between 1936 and 1940 the proportion of Democratic voters among union members fell approximately 7 per cent, and that it has decreased an equal amount between 1940 and 1944. (Still he gives about two-thirds of A. F. of L. votes and three-fourths of C. I. O. votes to Roosevelt. Incidentally, this "decline" of Roosevelt strength among union members is to some extent the result of increased union membership during the war years.)

From previous studies we know that the lower income groups make their final vote decision later in the campaign than the higher income groups and that personal influences play a large role at this late stage of the race. This keeps the Political Action Committee in the foreground of interest. Now that registration is over, it becomes the P. A. C.'s job to get the vote to the polls.

BERNARD BERELSON, Bureau of Applied Social Research, Columbia University

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Iberia, 1944

BY JAY ALLEN

IN AUGUST Paris and now Spain! What a surprise! And what a relief—like a weight lifted off the chest. As this is written, the Allied invasion of the Iberian Peninsula from sea, land, and air has been in progress a mere thirty-six hours; yet the dictatorships—Franco's in Spain and the Carmona-Salazar setup in Portugal—have toppled, and we have won the crowning victory of our war.

If this news has not fully broken throughout the country, the reason may be that we have so implacably developed our machinery for covering invasions—just as we have perfected the triphibious technique of waging war—that the accent thus far has all been on the landings, apparently still in progress, on the four beaches boxing the peninsula—Zarauz on the Bay of Biscay between Bilbao and Santander, Praia de Vieira on the Atlantic just above the Tagus estuary, Estepona on the Mediterranean around the corner from Gibraltar, and Sitges below Barcelona. There has been legitimate excitement over the technical perfection shown by the United Nations paratroop corps, which drifted down so accurately out of the haze of the Iberian dawn on to the airfields of Alverca (Lisbon), Cuatro Vientos (Madrid), Tablada (Seville), and Prats de Llobregat (Barcelona). Only today, twenty-four hours after the first news was flashed, are we waking up to the fact that this paratroop corps is truly a United Nations organism, with strong contingents of Russian and French and with a token unit of Chinese.

It is characteristic of our military analysts that some of them should have begun to trot out their lore on Wellington's drive up the Tagus valley against an earlier New Order and others to refresh our memories about the sad fate of Sir John Moore in a less successful Dunkirk. But a sense of anti-climax is already evident in their fine writing, and some have voiced their doubts whether the dazzling perfection of this our fourth Continental invasion can wholly obscure the fact that the German armies had long since scampered away from the Spanish border, heading homeward. Some are already comparing this invasion to that of Attu, where the enemy had vamoosed.

They are all missing the point. The Iberian invasion is our first major effort in which political objectives can take full precedence over military—military in the narrow sense, as in the phrase "military expediency," which seems to suggest that there can be military activities wholly devoid of political sense if not actually contrary to it. Here we have "liberation" without Nazis, something that many of our citizens will find confusing.

The meaning of what is happening has been put this very day into notable, one might safely say historic, words, and the fact that today's utterances in Parliament are topped by the military news in the afternoon papers spread out before me is all too typical of our single-minded preoccupation with the war as an exercise in the production and employment of fighting machines to the neglect of politics, whose only importance is that it brought about this martial interlude and may well bring about others. The maps that show our armies stabbing across Spain like forked lightning are of course exciting, and so is the news of Americans on the Ebro again, and of the delirium of Madrid and Barcelona. But for one reader the real excitement is in the speeches of Churchill and Eden in the Commons today and of Lord Templewood (lately Sir Samuel Hoare) in the House of Lords. They reveal unforgettably the significance of this campaign, which brings the war back to where it began eight years ago. I do not hesitate to predict that by the time this appears in print Mr. Churchill's remarks will have been appreciated at their full historic importance. From the dispatches one gathers that he was provoked to it by the diehard supporters of Franco, who had the cheek to invoke the Atlantic Charter in his behalf—somewhat belatedly. The Prime Minister rose and poured his scorn on those who held that supporting a constitutional government was "an improper interference in the affairs of other countries." And then came his sudden outburst: "But passing that by, I ask, is there nothing in the state of the peninsula affecting important interests in this country and which justify us in interfering? . . . I ask also, is the tranquillity of the world nothing? Is the peace of Europe nothing? . . . That, I confess, is one of the great objects for interfering in the affairs of Spain." And one can't help feeling that the cheers were the lustier for this disavowal of his defense of Franco some months back, which we now see was no more than dust for the *Caudillo's* eyes while the invasion was being prepared.

Eden rose to new heights, and some of the correspondents are recalling that in 1938 he was in many eyes the White Knight of Europe. In my opinion the most notable passage in his speech was his blast at the supporters of Franco in his own party: "When I see the gentlemen . . . espousing the cause of a man who en-

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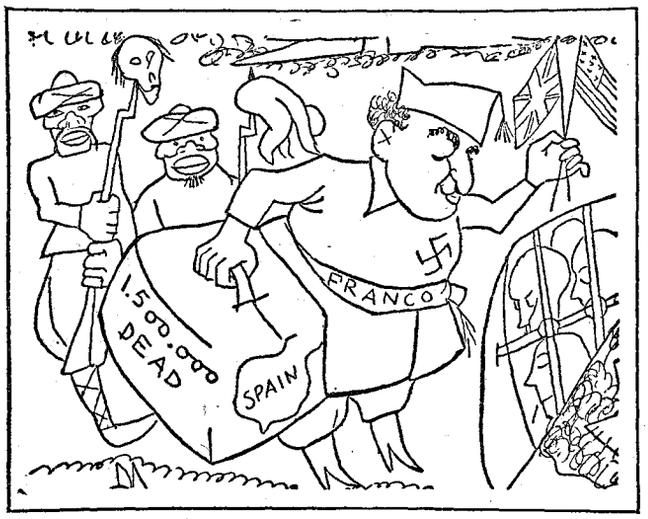
deavored to withhold the benefit of free institutions in Spain. I must say that I look with a little distrust and caution at the assurances they give of their extreme readiness to contribute toward doing away with every proved abuse that exists in their own country."

Others found the most dramatic moment in the sudden appearance of Lord Templewood, who had apparently



Drawing by Quintanilla.

flown out from Madrid on invasion eve. His remarks may help to erase the memory of other words of his—notably at Geneva in 1935. To have gone on supporting Franco, he said, would have insured the existence of "two rival and exasperated parties incapable of compromising their difficulties" and "sowing the seeds of an eternal civil war." But he managed also to strike a note of intelligent self-interest when he said that apart from the fact that Britain's sympathies and good wishes were naturally "enlisted on the side of a country struggling to free itself from oppression and degradation, there was an advantage to be won. I think it requires no extraordinary degree of intelligence to discover how Spain under liberal institutions is likely to be advantageous to us . . . and that we shall gain more from Spain liberalized than under an absolutist form of government . . . a useful ally . . . a wealthy customer . . . and a friend instead of an enemy in our political relations with the rest of Europe." And he continued, "My Lords, there is no greater error than to suppose the Spaniards unfit for freedom or averse to a liberal form of government."

Ironically it is the Hearst-McCormick-Patterson press that gives Mr. Churchill's remarks the greatest play, calling them a "smear" of conservatives and Catholics everywhere, a "betrayal" of the Atlantic Charter and worse. But why the suspicions of our left-wing press? One reads hints that the invasion was planned for the basest of motives—to fulfil a pledge to the Vatican, and by sitting on the lid to impose a military dictatorship in the guise of a republic (something not unheard of in Spanish America), a dictatorship, however, that would discard the trappings of fascism. One particularly bilious explanation is that the Americans and British, startled by the revolutionary upsurge in France, are rushing in to underwrite Iberian democracy before the French can get around to exploiting the revival of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,* always strangely potent in the Iberian air.

The Nation prefers to take the eloquent words of the British leaders at their face value, as evidence of a change of heart. Moreover, it awaits with confidence our own government's formulation of its policy. It is too soon to expect anything official. The Senate is not in the habit of delving into spot developments of this kind, and anyway it is busy bringing the Cox-Harding debate of 1920 to a boil. But from past experience we may shortly expect a release from Mr. Berle on the application of our legitimacy doctrine here and columns from Mr. Krock and Mr. Lindley demonstrating that this happy denouement was what the department had in mind all the time, from away back in the days of the embargo.

To me the news flash yesterday morning came as physical relief—to know that a wrong had been righted, that the victory was not to be circumscribed and emasculated after all, that all fascists were to be cleaned out, that we would leave no nuclei around which a new Axis could coalesce as our good intentions relaxed. I had intense pleasure thinking how the news came to Spain, seeping into the prisons and labor camps, reaching the *guerilleros* in the Asturian mountains, and also penetrating to the ducal palaces along the Castellana, where they have been so sure who the suckers were. And I thought of how it was spreading to the darkest corners of the earth, where hope had long since flickered out.

My relief was based on some pretty personal reasons, too, for I was at work on a series of articles about Iberia in this year of liquidations. I had no knowledge of any coming fundamental change of policy in Whitehall, Washington, or of course the Vatican. Then came the glorious news, the headlines "Allies Liberate Spain!" "Dictators Flee!" "Iberian Federal Republic."

What's that? *You* haven't read anything about this? And you think you would have heard something about it if it had really happened? Well, come to think of it, you undoubtedly would have. So there is nothing to do but confess. *It didn't happen,* or at least it didn't happen in this way or even in this century. The remarks quoted above, and falsely (though none could say libelously) attributed to Churchill, Eden, and Templewood, were in actual fact once uttered, and by a Prime Minister, a Foreign Secretary, and an Ambassador to Madrid—Lords Melbourne, Palmerston, and Clarendon. The occasion was in truth British armed intervention in Spain on the side of constitutional monarchy against absolutism in the person of Don Carlos (in 1837-39). And what have I to say in my defense? That it was pleasant, very pleasant, to imagine it this way.

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Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

HIMMLER'S machinery of repression operates at high speed—and on the whole without formalities. Tens of thousands of persons have been jailed and killed without any pretense of a trial. But since a dictatorship is always inconsistent, pseudo-legal methods are also employed. In a "People's Court" in Berlin and in "Special Courts" in the provinces the terror is administered with somewhat more ceremony. It would be fruitless to try to figure out why some cases are settled by the one method and some by the other. Mere chance seems to determine. The governing principle is all the harder to discover because these courts function behind closed doors. Nobody knows exactly what goes on in them. Especially welcome, therefore, is an eyewitness description of a session of the Berlin People's Court published in the Swiss newspaper *Die Nation* on October 5. I believe I can do no better than to reprint it here.

At the entrance to the court I was approached by a heavily armed S. S. man who searched me for weapons or a camera. These formalities over, I was permitted to enter the courtroom. There were about eighty spectators, some of them soldiers, some journalists. The presiding judge, Dr. Roland Freisler, and four lay judges were seated behind a long table. At another table sat the Reich's Attorney and the counsel for the defense.

That morning only "uninteresting" cases were on the agenda—trials of unknown persons. The first was that of an elderly woman who had been denounced by her maid. The accused looked weary and careworn; the long months during which she had been held for trial had left their mark.

The presiding judge opened the session: "Are you Mrs. Klara Z——, forty-nine years old, born in Berlin, married, with three children? Is this correct?" The defendant rose and said in a barely audible voice that she had only two children, her daughter having perished in an air raid on Berlin eleven months ago.

The maid was the star witness. In reply to the presiding judge's question she said shyly: "Mrs. Z—— never discussed politics or the war. Mr. Z—— has been on the eastern front for a considerable time. The defendant's oldest son was inducted into the army about three months before her arrest. The second son is working as an engineer in an Austrian factory. That is all I know about him, as Mrs. Z—— was not in the habit of talking to me about family matters. Her daughter was seventeen when she was killed. She was a driver in the A. R. P. I. was present when Mrs. Z—— received the news. At first she stared at me absently. Then she cried, 'This is the work of that devil, that mass murderer! Poor Germany, this is how things now are with us!' As I considered this utterance of a decidedly defeatist nature and inimical to our Führer, I did not hesitate to inform the authorities."

"You acted with absolute correctness," said the presiding judge. "The authorities must be immediately advised of such a criminal attitude. I thank you in the name of the German people."

The superintendent of the building where the defendant lived was the next witness. He stated that Mrs. Z—— led quite a solitary life, that she had contributed little to the "winter relief," did not read any party newspapers, never participated in meetings of the Nazi Women's Organization, and in general showed a lukewarm attitude. No other witnesses were called.

The attorney for the defense pleaded for exactly three and a half minutes. He began by expressing hope for the Führer's long life and a German victory and concluded with words of praise for German justice. He admitted that the defendant deserved severe punishment, but asked that her husband's and her sons' services in the German cause be taken into account. The defending attorney seemed to weigh fearfully every word he uttered. In this he was justified; many lawyers have been brought to trial themselves because they dared to cite the most harmless facts in their clients' favor.

In half an hour the trial was over. "Mrs. Klara Z—— is sentenced to die by the ax for her defeatist attitude and for having insulted the Führer as well as the German people and the German state."

The other trials of the day were similar. A shopkeeper was sentenced to death because he had frequently given bread to a French worker without ration points. Two women were sentenced to death for circulating among their co-workers former speeches of the Führer's which were in strange contrast to present conditions. None of the day's defendants were acquitted. The mildest sentence was twenty years of penal servitude. All trials were the result of denunciations. The accusers, with one exception, were women.

The witness's statement about the danger run by the counsel for the defense is confirmed by two cases which recently reached the Reich's Supreme Court. An account of both cases was published in the magazine *Deutsches Recht* on September 9. In both, the accused was a lawyer. The crime of one was an unfinished sentence—literally an unfinished sentence—which he had spoken when defending a client in a Special Court. He had said, "If the court does not intend to read my written brief—." The Supreme Court upheld the lawyer's conviction in a lower court on the ground that the words "insinuated that the judges were uninterested in adequate clarification of the facts and thereby impaired the authority of the court." The second lawyer had dubbed the testimony of a witness who was a block leader for the Nazi Party "unreliable." And he had added, "Everyone knows how frequently reports on somebody's political attitude are based on information furnished by the concierge." The lower court had acquitted this lawyer, but the Supreme Court set aside the verdict and the man was punished for his imprudence.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

WHO'S WHO IN SHAW'S "WHAT'S WHAT"

BY JACQUES BARZUN

TO ANY seasoned reader of history and political thought there is nothing revolutionary in Bernard Shaw's new book* except the use of "contact" as a verb on page 61. And that use being both apt and witty, I begin by recommending it as a model and a warning.

The other 200,000 words remind us of things we know but do not believe. If Shaw's idea of what's what is in truth what *is* what, it must be nothing more than what the world has come to recognize about itself—under Shaw's own tutelage for half a century, and that of Tolstoi, Rousseau, Fourier, Machiavelli, Nietzsche, and a hundred others before him. But recognition does no good without the will: so I say we disbelieve. We read, but the only muscle that follows from habit is that of the eye. The result is that although Shaw is describing bit by bit a state of things which, barring some details, it would be hard to question, yet taken together the bits form a perfectly incredible Utopia. Certain situations are too startling even for their obvious explanations to satisfy us, as the man said when he found the trout in his milk.

Certainly this kind of discomfort is too much for Mr. Everybody, whom Shaw directly addresses, and it is no wonder that Everybody should prefer to attribute to him more credible "views" built on scraps of evidence that he seems to furnish. For example: Shaw is a Stalinist, or Shaw loves power, or Shaw thinks Hitler is the superman, or Shaw has lost faith in democracy, the poor bewildered old devil.

It is always easier to dismiss another man's thoughts than one's own (they have cost one so much less), and it is more congenial to fight against a properly tagged enemy (fascist, communist, jingoist, isolationist) than against a guerrilla who has been forging weapons for nearly a hundred years and never seems to lay one down. What is he? as Disraeli once asked in an anonymous and flattering pamphlet about himself. Well, by now Shaw is the quintessence of the nineteenth century. Just go over the names of those he invokes: Macaulay, Marx, Dickens, Darwin, De Quincey—always the ancients. Shaw is pure attar of Victoria. I add "1837-1901" for the benefit of the dateless, but it is simpler to recall that the reign began with Carlyle's "French Revolution" and ended with "The Way of All Flesh." This is enough to show that Shaw is no back number; his substance on the contrary takes in the tender fledgling thoughts of coming young men such as Samuel Butler, William James, and Nietzsche, whom we hardly know.

But like a good pamphleteer Shaw peppers his pages with current names—hence the judgments on Stalin, Ataturk, and Mussolini. Always a historian, Shaw naturally treats these men as historical characters; they mean something, and he is usually quite precise—more precise than his critics—about stating what their success signifies. They are not brigands or demons but expressions of the desire to be governed. Nor did they convert Shaw to this view, for most of them were still in their cradles when he predicted that pure parliamentarism ended in a masterly inactivity absolutely fatal to modern civilization.

Then Shaw has given up democracy? Here is what he says: "Europe . . . is finding that nothing can save her civilization but a new democratic faith. . . . Liberalism and free thought will have a losing fight at first. . . . But they are not dead. They are only in a cataleptic trance and will resurge mightily when socialism produces the leisure without which there can be no liberty. . . . Only assemblies of persons who are economically carefree, chosen by constituents equally unintimidated, can be looked to for the imagination and daring which modern public business demands." Shaw therefore concludes, like the nineteenth century, that democracy is not behind us but rather the next step ahead.

For this untried system to work he wants the abolition of private (not personal) property; rough equalization of income; coordinated and democratically chosen governing bodies (like our many boards, associations, unions, and parliaments); the testing of the citizenry to discover the politically competent 5 per cent and choosing from them our rulers; the education of all in a combined technical and moralizing curriculum (morals being social discipline or the cultivation of self-discipline); the limitation of state sovereignty by a supernational organization backed by force; and the elaboration of a coherent world view embracing the living parts of science, art, and religion.

Now all this Shaw says the hardest way. I do not mean stylistically, for in this book he is if possible simpler and more classic than he has ever been before. All his sentences are short, their former lashing tails of analogy docked so completely as to make his prose indistinguishable from Swift's, except through allusion and punctuation. Unquestionably, though Shaw keeps calling himself a dotard, the writing of this book at the age of eighty-eight is a technical tour de force comparable only to his speech in the Metropolitan at seventy-seven. What I mean by Shaw's hard way is his refusal to plead and his passion for having us act on political grounds. The dodges of what *we* call practical politics are to him a form of baby sitting, and since we still find them indispensable, Shaw's way is more than a sign of temperament; it is an appeal to a new kind of man.

* "Everybody's Political What's What?" Dodd, Mead, $3.

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The odd thing is that he does not himself point out the novelty. Doubtless it is implicit in his whole life's work and in such asides as his admiration of the Mormons, whose polygamy had a political goal. It is political sense again that he admires in Caesar and Mussolini and that he demands, together with modern knowledge, from the rulers of his new world. Yet he really wants not merely a new political constitution but a new emotional one, for he knows that Caesar and Mussolini failed and their work also. Civilization cannot be saved single-handed, nor can government run by force, no matter how apt the despot's ideas may be. Doctors' orders must be understood, then carried out. The people must know enough to be governable once they have chosen their governors; yet what Shaw wants is not a futile "change of heart" in the direction of goodness or honesty. Rather he demands a new love of order and peace from a fusion of intelligence with aesthetic and economic passion. He instances as a pitiable sign of our common immaturity the docker who, shivering in the rain while listening to a Socialist speech about wages, asks the speaker at the end what his stand is on the disestablishment of the Welsh church.

Shaw's mood is in fact Nietzschean. He sees that decency and magnanimity come from strength and well-being, not from weakness and invidious discontent. But the splendid passage on Machiavelli at the end proves that the double standard by which strength works upon a mankind unequally endowed with brains does not either frighten or intoxicate him. Shaw's praise is for "results," to be sure, but they are always civilized results, sorted out from the folly, tyranny, and sadism with which so far "results" have always been mixed.

This is what knocks the bottom out of his future Utopia when considered as a prosaic program. Parts of it—such as generalized social insurance—we shall doubtless attain like the dumb beasts of the field, because we are pushed from the rear and going that way. But the rest, the whole, the vision—how achieve it *democratically* with the bare 5 per cent of competence against the 95 per cent of uncomprehending foolish knaves and knavish fools? Education is no answer, though Shaw gives it. He himself goes beyond and calls, very sensibly, on Providence—another name for history—by which he means the obscure reasons that make human conduct shift in the mass the way Shaw's temperament shifted in the egg, from one kind of passion to another. How does Christian come out of pagan? We do not know. We know only that however it happens, the change cannot be easy or congenial; it seems far from reasonable; and it does not usher in paradise. Shaw warns us to expect no peace but by the sword—the neatest of guaranties. We should not, indeed, desire any guaranties. Our true satisfaction should be to have found out what's what and dealt with it, politically; instead of ignoring it and perishing, politically.

Disbelieve Shaw, carp at his set and pet views, argue that this is no intelligible next step—that is Everybody's privilege. Yet surely we have gained something; not simply another plausible prediction in an age teeming with prophets, but a possible meaning of that impossible necessary notion, the superman.

Notes by the Way

KEEPING a journal in public is a hazardous venture. It is a tempting one as well, for the quality and flavor of the times are often best caught in that tentative, flexible, yet continuous form. Such a journal, to have any reality, must necessarily be private. I shall try to keep this one from being unnecessarily personal—to borrow a nice distinction from a page I can't place at the moment.

THESE NOTES, which were never very constant, have been interrupted for the past year by a fling at the theater during the absence of Mr. Krutch. I shall miss those second-night seats—and those haunting unknown familiars, the other occupiers of second-night seats—in spite of the fact that F or K or M 1 and 3 looked out, last season, on some pretty trying scenes. May Mr. Krutch have better luck. The news that most of the plays scheduled for the coming months have been written in Hollywood by screen writers or by "legitimate" writers who have settled there is not too reassuring. Not that there isn't plenty of talent in Hollywood. The best film of the year is quite likely, these days, to be more impressive than the best play. Still, a film is not a play any more than film acting is stage acting, and for better or worse I'd like to see the writing and acting of plays continue.

AT LEAST one reader would contest that statement. I got an angry letter the other day from a warrant officer who told me that I hate the theater, that my judgments are all wrong—and that my place is in the home. I'd have more respect for clauses one and two if my correspondent hadn't been impelled in clause three to resort to that shopworn argumentum ad feminam.

STOP PRESS: A friend has passed on a V-letter from an American soldier in France which contains news and comment:

> I saw a brief piece in *Le Figaro* from André Gide, place-lined Rome and congratulating them on being able to publish in a free country once again. Also a story on Malraux. Malraux was fighting with the maquis, got shot up in an auto with two British officers, was wounded, and was imprisoned, in error, as an Englishman. If they had known he was a *franc-tireur,* they would have shot him. The American advance subsequently liberated him. France continues nice, but I've not been able to get around in the manner I did a week ago. So I read Baudelaire. (A kind Frenchman—a policeman!—gave me a copy.)

IN A later mail came a copy of one page of *Le Figaro* of September 10 which contains the story about Malraux. I print it because it gives further vivid details:

> In the course of a mission the machine in which he [Malraux] was traveling with two English officers was stopped by a German barrage. In order to escape the machine-gun fire he tried to turn, but the automobile crashed into a tree. The two officers were killed by the hail of bullets and Malraux, wounded in the leg, escaped a firing squad only by pretending to be an Allied officer. After being taken from prison to prison for fifteen days, he was liberated at Toulouse by the F. F. I. Scarcely had he got out of prison when he returned to the fight. Today he is at the head of a group of 1,500 well-armed men in the region of Limoges.

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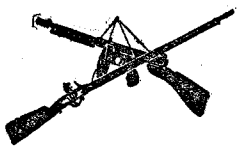

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THERE IS some non-war news from London. A dispatch from the Overseas News Agency reports that an International Arts Guild has been formed "to strengthen the spiritual and artistic intercourse of artists of all nations." Three sections of the guild have already been set up, with Stephen Spender, Henry Moore, and Benjamin Britten in charge respectively of the literature, art, and music sections. The Guild will have branches in many capitals, beginning with Paris, Prague, and Washington. It will have its own publicity organization, a special translation department, and mobile exhibitions. It will also arrange exchange visits of artists. I'm fairly skeptical of the actual uses of such organizations, but this one is at least being set up under unstuffy auspices. From what I know of Spender he is not only a good poet but an instigator in the best sense; and he knows the quick from the dead among living writers. I know less about Moore and Britten, but they, as well as Spender, are associated, for me, with *Horizon,* the English monthly, which has kept its literary chin well up in spite of the odds of war.

I THINK it's rather wonderful, for instance, that the leading article in *Horizon* for August—the most recent issue to arrive—is a leisurely piece on Robert Lovelace, the Romantic Cad. The subject is the Lovelace in Samuel Richardson's "Clarissa," and the essay begins by pointing out with pride that "the literature of England and France is happily rich in cads." I was wrily amused, by the way, to be reminded that the term "provocative defense" which the Nazis have used as an excuse for torture was applied by Richardson to the behavior of women. In the same issue Paul Vézelay, writing of children's drawings, makes the sensible observation that they are not, as "some people have been ponderously persuaded" to assume, works of art. "No! little Daisy's drawing is not 'just like a Picasso,' and no amount of wishful thinking will prevent Johnny's picture from being as different from a work of Henri Matisse, Miro, Seurat, Henry Rousseau, or Juan Gris, as a night-light by the child's bed is different from a star. Let us insist, gently but very, very firmly, that even 'a little genius' . . . will be obliged to study the science of drawing and painting for many years in order to understand all there is to learn before he—or she—can even hope to merit the hitherto glorious title of artist." It's a lesson that might well be taken to heart by "children of a larger growth" in all the arts.

WHEN I dropped in to see a publisher a few weeks ago I heard incidentally about vast forces moving in the publishing world. At the time there was a report, later denied, that Pocket Books had been sold for $2,000,000. Henry Luce was said to be dickering for Grosset and Dunlap, the house which first went in for cheap reprints; a few days later, however, came the announcement that the firm had been purchased instead by a group composed of the Book of the Month Club, Random House, and Harper. Since then Little, Brown and Scribner's have joined the group.

POCKET BOOKS began on a shoestring and everyone said it couldn't be done. Publishers have always maintained and still do that people don't like to buy cheap books. I think they mean something less simple than that. There is a great difference between buying a really cheap book, say for 25 cents, and a relatively cheap one, say for 75 cents, $1, or $1.50. The psychology of buying a book for 25 cents is that of buying a magazine which you expect to throw away. Above that figure the average buyer begins to think of his investment in the good old capitalist way. If he's going to put a dollar into a book—so he figures—he might as well invest a little more, for surely a book that costs $2.75 must be more worth keeping. It comes down, in one sense, to the density and quality of culture. The reason why publishers of cheap books have gone in almost entirely for reprints of best-sellers is at once a matter of culture *and* of economics. I'm afraid it will be a long time before the average buyer, having read neither book, will have the background to choose "The Red and the Black" at 69 cents in preference to "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" at $2.75.

IT WILL be an even longer time if monopoly takes over publishing. As a rule the independent publisher, whatever his faults, is still interested in good literature. It may be a matter of tradition or prestige rather than of genuine appreciation, but the interest is there. The publisher functions, to be sure, at one of the points where those ancient enemies, business and art, come into direct conflict; he is caught between the devil of commercialism and the deep blue sea of literature. He aspires, for good or bad reasons, to bathe eternally in the deep blue sea; he is constrained to duck out, at cautious intervals, to assure himself that the devil isn't stealing his clothes. Still, good books by unknown authors do get published. It might on the face of it be argued that if publishing were monopolized by Henry Luce and the *Reader's Digest,* who have money to burn, unknown authors might get an even better break—and larger advances. But in general Big Money is not nearly so likely to take chances as Little Money. It has less incentive, even assuming it knew an artistic chance when it saw one. What's more, the present relationship between the independent publisher and the budding author—and whatever publishers and authors say about each other, it is a human relationship in which the author still has a good deal of bargaining power—would be hard put to survive the mechanics and the sheer size of a Luce organization. Not to mention the power and preoccupations of the genus Luce. I'm told that the head of Time, Inc., decided on one occasion that he, Henry Luce, would sponsor a "little magazine." The attitude toward writing and writers —at once so obtuse and so arrogant—which this story reflects is the one which would prevail, I'm afraid, if publishing were taken over by big business.

BY WAY of a footnote: I've just run across a sentence in an advertisement in *Publisher's Weekly* which so neatly prefigures Big Money as publisher that I must pass it on. Russell Davenport, graduate cum laude of *Time, Life,* and *Fortune,* has written a long poem called "My Country." For all I know it may be the poem of the century. What caught my eye was the bristling assertion by the publishers, Simon and Schuster, who are pretty high-powered in their own right, that this poem "was not written in a garret." Poets in garrets will please come down to earth, work for Time, Inc., and eventually have their poems published in an edition, not

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of a paltry 1,500, but of 10,000 copies. A lot of them have come down and are serving *Time*. So I hope Mr. Davenport's poem is good. In that event I shall give up my mad little project of having the whole Luce phantasm abolished, except for the salary checks to the creative people who work there.

LUCE SEEMS to have been shut out in the bidding for Grosset and Dunlap by the combination mentioned above. The Book-of-the-Month Club, which is at least on the outer edges of big business with some 600,000 subscribers, has "somewhat larger" holdings than any of the four publishers. When Harry Scherman, its prime mover, was asked why the Book-of-the-Month Club had participated he said, "The reason is that it puts us in a more favorable position, should we at some time in the future decide to enter the low-priced book-club field with a subsidiary."

INCIDENTALLY, Mr. Scherman's views are well to the right, and I was interested in the news that the Book-of-the-Month Club had distributed free to all its members a copy of "The Control of Germany and Japan" by Harold J. Moulton and Louis Marlio. This is one of the latest encyclicals of the Brookings Institution, which is the Vatican of the status quo.

WHO EVER said that poetry is not useful? This morning a radio announcer cited, with credit, a line from Coleridge, "In today walks tomorrow." He was advertising shoes.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Second Air Force

Far off, above the plain the summer dries,
The great loops of the hangars sway like hills.
Buses and weariness and loss, the nodding soldiers
Are wire, the bare frame building, and a pass
To what was hers; her head hides his square patch
(A bird falling to a lobster from a star)
And she thinks heavily: My son is grown.
She sees a world: sand roads, tar-paper barracks,
The bubbling asphalt of the runways, sage,
The dunes rising to the interminable ranges,
The dim flights moving over clouds like clouds.
The armorers in their patched faded green,
Sweat-stiffened, banded with brass cartridges,
Walk to the line; their Fortresses, all tail,
Stand wrong and flimsy on their skinny legs,
And the crews climb to them clumsily as bears.
The head withdraws into its hatch (a boy's),
The engines rise to their blind laboring roar,
And the green, made beasts run home to air.
Now in each aspect death is pure.
(At twilight they wink over men like stars
And hour by hour, through the night, some see
The great lights floating in—from Mars, from Mars.)
How emptily the watchers see them gone.

They go, there is silence; the woman and her son
Stand in the forest of the shadows, and the light
Washes them like water. In the long-sunken city
Of evening, the sunlight stills like sleep
The faint wonder of the drowned; in the evening,
In the last dreaming light, so fresh, so old,
The soldiers pass like beasts, unquestioning,
And the watcher for an instant understands
What there is then no need to understand;
But she wakes from her knowledge, and her stare,
A shadow now, moves emptily among
The shadows learning in their shadowy fields
The empty missions.
She hears the bomber calling, *Little friend*,
To the fighter hanging in the hostile sky,
Watching the ragged flame eat rib by rib
Along the metal of the wing into her heart:
The lives stream, blossom, and float steadily
To the flames of the earth, the inextinguishable
Citizens of everybody's heart, the flames
That burn like stars above the lands of men.

She saves from the twilight that takes everything
A section shipping, in its last parade—
Its dogs run by it, barking at the band—
A gunner walking to his barracks, half-asleep,
Starting at something, stumbling (above, invisible,
The crews in the steady winter of the sky
Tremble in their wired fur); and feels for them
The love of life for life. The hopeful cells
Heavy with someone else's death, cold carriers
Of someone else's victory, grope past their lives
Into her own bewilderment: The years meant *this?*

But for them the bombers answer everything.

RANDALL JARRELL

Gide: The Head and the Heart

> Er ist dumm wie alle Menschen, die kein Herz haben. Denn die Gedanken kommen nicht aus dem Kopfe, sondern aus dem Herzen.—HEINE.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS. By André Gide. Translated from the French by Malcolm Cowley. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

IT IS a good omen that the first book to come through from France, in translation, after the silence that gripped that country from the 1940 invasion on, is a piece of literature—and one so fresh and vigorous that it might have been written by a man in his vigorous prime. It was written, as a matter of fact, by a man in his early seventies. Gide was born in 1869, a date difficult to credit in this connection. Malcolm Cowley, who has done an excellent job of translation with these nineteen dialogues, two short essays, and a brief journal written at the fall of Tunis, brings out in his introduction the presence of certain passages concealing hidden fire to smoke out treachery. These passages exist, it is true, and no one can bring off such subtleties with the same ease and *brio* as Gide. At the same time, it would be a mistake to take this book as a piece of writing whose value lies solely in its hidden polemic. The remarkable thing about it is its openness. By comparison, much of the writing to which we have been accustomed in an un-

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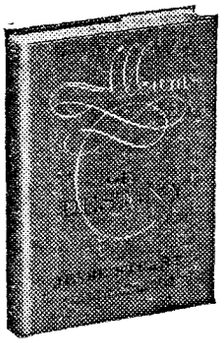

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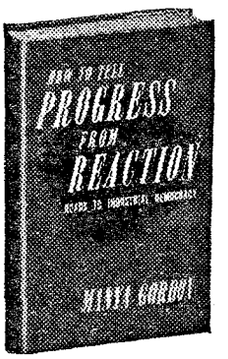

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censored American literature, these last heavy years, seems closed and stifling. It is the final answer to those opponents of Gide—and how numerous and vocal they were—who prophesied for him final sterility. It is the final proof that his "Christianity without dogma," his belief in harmony and joy, his determined belief in individuality, had firm bases. It is also a proof, as Cowley says, that a wholehearted devotion to the literary art may in itself constitute political action The "Interviews" appeared regularly from November, 1941, to the spring of 1942 in the literary supplement of *Le Figaro,* one outlet for serious writers in the unoccupied zone.

The works of André Gide have been presented to American readers in the most haphazard way. "The Counterfeiters" came out rather promptly after its French publication; but, detached completely from Gide's career as a whole, it could not but puzzle many readers. "Si le grain ne meurt . . .," the key book to Gide and one of literature's great confessions, appeared in its first French public edition in 1924; it was published here in an expensive limited edition ("If It Die") in 1935. The two lives of Gide in English to which Mr. Cowley refers in his preface are valuable, but nothing is so valuable as reading Gide himself, from beginning to end, in his proper order. He has, from the first, possessed the rare faculty of being able to make more or less disguised autobiographical material a continuing basis for his writing. This accomplishment—for autobiography is the most dangerous, and can be the dullest, material in the world—proves an actual underlying development. His vivid grasp of his own experience has been put into the service, moreover, of his moral ideas.

This man, whom readers of translations will have to piece together from the scattered books available to them—they have his "Dostoevski," his African travel notes, his book on Russia, as well as certain short pieces of prose—became a center of influence only after 1918. He had purposely kept his early production small and varied, in what his opponents considered a perversely baffling way. His opponents were intelligent and formidable. To Catholics especially he came to represent corruption and secret-keeping: the result of a truly demoniac possession. What was manifesting itself in Gide was manifesting itself in several isolated individuals at the time—Freud, Havelock Ellis, Shaw. The fact of the unconscious was breaking through European thought. Gide's basic tenets, upon which he acted with, to others, an infuriating tenacity, were actually rather simple. Combining in himself opposing elements of the most irreconcilable kind —a Protestant upbringing and a passionate nature the sexual organization of which differed from the "normal"—he early broke, through action, from the illness and misery imposed upon him by seemingly implacable forces. He refused to continue the endless and sterile struggle "against a conformity to which all nature was in contradiction." "It dawned upon me at last that this discordant duality might be resolved into harmony. And then I saw that harmony must be my supreme object, and the endeavor to acquire it the express reason of my life." Many years later he repeats his conviction—the conviction that defeated, for him, the anxiety which so afflicts modern man: "When I made the discovery that joy was rarer and more difficult and more beautiful than sadness, joy became for me not only (which it is) a natural need but even more a moral obligation."

In order to give his "dangerous thoughts" some kind of circulation in the heavy pre-1914 world in which he found himself, Gide resorted to ruses. He wrote his books under the protection of the myth. It is difficult fully to understand Gide without a knowledge of these small early works. They are filled with a diffused wit, gaiety, and freedom. They brought into French literature something completely opposed to the heavy work of Barrès—in its own way "mythical." They gave release from deadly compromise and pervasive hidden or open pressure. They "decompressed," in the phrase of one modern French critic.

It is this faculty for "decompression" which gives life and vigor to everything Gide writes. It is present in his criticism—in modern France the criticism which comes nearest to the warm humanism of Montaigne. It is a releasing touch that operates under the cool and pure classic style that Gide has made flexible, while keeping about it "an odor both resinous and dry." Under this serene surface exists an intellectual and emotional organization fully conscious of "the winds from the abyss." Gide has never allowed his need for reconciliation to blind or deafen him to the terrible contradictions of life, to the often insane tensions functioning in the human spirit. It is the appreciation of the force of these terrors that has drawn him to Dostoevski, Blake, Flaubert, and Shakespeare. He believes in the validity of the extreme, of the sincere, of intense limitation; and it is largely Goethe's disinclination to limit himself that makes him, in Gide's eyes, "banal, in a superior way."

The crucial importance of Gide's thought at present is that he has discovered, and long acted upon, the fact of each man's personal responsibility for evil.

> What a sad need for hatred [he wrote in his Journal in 1937] I see on all sides today! . . . the need to oppose all that should be understood, completed, enriched, united. These conflicts I have felt working in myself, before having come upon them in the outer world. I know them; and by this personal experience I know how one uses oneself up in the struggle. . . . [A day came] when I said: What good does it do? when I began to look, not for struggle and partial triumph, but for accord; to understand that the more separate and different are the parts composing this accord, the richer the harmony. And in the same way in a state—it is a somber kind of Utopia, this dream of smashing one part by another; this dream of a totalitarian state where the subjugated minorities cannot make themselves heard; or, what is worse, where each and all think the same. It cannot be a question of harmony when the choir sings in unison.

It is inevitable that this translation of "Interviews imaginaires" should bear some marks of being printed for an immediate use; of being enlisted to a hard-hitting purpose, with a special target in view. This sharp direction of appeal has resulted in one or two faults. The first translation into English of a set of Gide's essays should be more fully annotated. Some footnotes exist, but not enough. The dates and publisher and titles of Sarthe's books (and Sarthe's full name)? The date and publisher of Thierry-Maulnier's "Introduction à la poésie française"? Some identification of Kléber Haeden and August Dorchain? (The fact of a closed France cannot be a complete explanation; although no

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"It will furnish to all who desire it the knowledge which will help them to judge truly the Wilsonian issue as it develops in the national political campaign."—*New York Sun.* $3.00

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French scholar, I have two of the books mentioned on my shelves.) Such annotation would tie these essays firmly into a background of reference, as well as being a reassurance that the time will come when literature will again move freely over long open spaces, without fear of traps or ambushes.

The sly, the sinuous, the demoniac Gide: can his opponents find him in this book? I do not think so, any more than his admirers can find an infallible guide; for Gide can make mistakes in literary judgment. The important thing is that they are never mistakes of sympathy. He can be wrong about American writers, but for interesting reasons. And we search in vain for the stiff old figure, loaded with years and evil —the end his enemies prophesied for Gide long since. This man who, during the fighting in Tunis, walks the streets happy in the radiant spring weather, who falls into a happy conversation concerning the respective merits of George and Rilke with the first British staff officer he meets, who lies at night with his window open on "a field of stars," is an aged man. It is impossible to remember this as we read him. His trust in life has not been an empty hope; he is free; and he hands the unambiguous key to freedom to us all.

LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFER COMMENT

The Most Perfect Dilettante

IT IS EASY enough to poke fun at Horace Walpole. Born to wealth and power and position, he deliberately refused to play any part in great affairs because he preferred instead to become the most perfect dilettante his country had ever known. He built a "Gothic" house, established a private press, collected old glass, and wrote a treatise on landscape gardening. There is something more than a little spinsterish about his fussy delight in gossip and knickknacks, and his "good taste," like that of so many men who pride themselves upon nothing else, was insufficiently robust to seem really good for very long. Decidedly one must take him on his own terms if one is to take him at all. But fortunately that is not so hard to do. Certain of the letters which he intended for posterity as well as for the friends to whom they were addressed are as famous as anything of the sort in English. Moreover, to read, not merely the famous items, but the whole vast bulk of his correspondence as it is appearing in the present handsome and brilliantly edited edition is to realize how deservedly memorable the cultivation of his one unique gift was able to make him, even though most of his contemporaries would not have supposed him particularly memorable.

More than a generation after Walpole's death Macaulay wrote a sneering essay of some length. A century after that W. S. Lewis has made a notable collection of Walpoliana and is devoting a substantial portion of a lifetime to the printing and the careful annotation of Walpole's letters. The present volumes, 11 and 12, contain his correspondence with Mary and Agnes Berry and Barbara Cecelia Seton (Yale, $15). Since Walpole consciously rested his claim to justification on the chance that posterity would really be interested in what he had to say, it is Walpole who wins. He must, in Elysium, take great satisfaction in the stately procession of these volumes. If he meets the sneering Macaulay the thought of them must enable him to sneer right back. And he sneers best who sneers last.

J. W. K.

If Only . . .

WHETHER one is a Socialist, a New Dealer, or even a Hoover Republican, one is likely to find the reading of "Omnipotent Government" by Ludwig von Mises an exhilarating experience (Yale, $3.75). It is so extreme, angry, and perversely doctrinaire that one can enjoy it without believing a word of it. Capitalism, according to Mr. von Mises, never failed anywhere because, like Christianity, it has never been tried. The alleged sins of capitalism are really due to interventionism by the state, originally via protection. This policy was motivated by the misguided desire to protect the position of labor. Nationalism, Nazism, unemployment, war, depression, even anti-Semitism—all are the result of intervention which interfered with the inexorable laws of the market. Only a difference of degree and consistency separates the economic philosophy of Coolidge and Hoover from that of Norman Thomas, Stalin, and Hitler.

As his other writings show, Mr. von Mises is able to develop an impressive theoretical argument. But this volume is so full of abuse and passionate misstatement that it cannot be taken as anything more than a succession of despairing cries by one who feels the world is irrevocably headed for a "statist" hell. The whole argument of the Marxists to show that free enterprise tends toward monopoly, even without protection, is not considered but dismissed with words like "empty babble," "thoroughly mendacious," "dishonest." Vansittart seems full of the milk of human kindness toward Germans compared to von Mises. Among the author's less extreme statements are: the Nazis in effect carried out the program of Marx's "Communist Manifesto"; Bismarck's *Sozialpolitik* corresponds to the New Deal; for fifty years the lying talk of leading Marxists about democracy in Germany "had but one end in view, to put Rosa Luxemburg, a foreigner, in the place of the Hohenzollerns"; the German Nationalist People's Party presented a fake program for freedom of speech, science, and conscience in 1918 because they "had profited from reading Lenin and Bukharin."

One curious turn: the whole mess of Nazism and war could have been avoided if only the Germans had chosen free trade at any time during the last sixty years. Why didn't they? "It is impossible to explain why. . . . The fateful decision against free trade . . . was an individual historical event, which cannot be further analyzed or explained."

S. H.

Poll-Tax Epic

YOU WILL like the cut of the young crusading editor of the Nashville *Tennesseean,* Jennings Perry, who in "Democracy Begins at Home" (Lippincott, $3) tells the story of the long in-fighting against the most sacred of cows around any Southern city room—the poll tax. His story begins, as his fight began, back in 1936, when Edward Hull Crump,

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boss of Memphis, named his man and decided the election for Governor of a state of 3,000,000 so-called sovereign people, *three weeks before election.* Thirty-six years before that—"in one brief, decadent decade popular rule, save as an idle phrase, as a lingering pretense, had passed." The poll tax, written by men in fear of the Negro vote, had by act of the state legislature been made a prerequisite to the suffrage. Now Crump and his odious crew are using this device in such a way that their men are monotonously elected by a startlingly small percentage of the pliant voters. Bad as is the working of the tax in Tennessee, Editor Perry says that it is worse in other Southern states, and he shows how its impact is felt throughout the entire democracy, North, East, South, and West, by the elevation of poll-tax Congressmen to key committees.

The arguments against the tax are familiar enough to readers of *The Nation.* The exciting details of the fight on the home grounds waged by a handful of courageous souls led by the *Tennesseean,* with voteless citizens of the state outnumbering the voters by seven to three, makes breathless reading. When, at last, victory was seemingly won, and the state legislature had repealed the poll tax, by a strangely divided decision the state Supreme Court decided that the people had no right to repeal their own acts. Now the fat is back in the fire and the long road to constitutional amendment must be traveled. Mr. Perry promises that he and his paper will keep on that road, and anyone who reads his book knows that he will keep that pledge made to all of us in the name of the democracy which he still reveres. MCA. C.

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A Seventeenth-Century Psychiatrist

FOR THE seventeenth century "The Anatomy of Melancholy" was a serious work, what we nowadays might call an Outline of Neurotic Depression. But in the enlightened eighteenth century the dark disease sank to the low estate of the "spleen" and the "Anatomy" fell out of favor together with the malady it described; it was much read by Dr. Johnson, greatest of melancholics, but to most of his contemporaries it was either unknown or quaint. And it was as a quaint book that it had its vogue in the nineteenth century. Sir William Osler in our own time declared that it was actually full of medical wisdom, but he did not substantiate this opinion, and it has remained for Bergen Evans to demonstrate in "The Psychiatry of Robert Burton" (Columbia, $2) that the baroque multitudinousness of the "Anatomy" contains a psychological theory which is at many points similar to Freud's.

Freud himself said that he had not discovered the unconscious but only the scientific way of studying the unconscious. "The poets and philosophers before me," he said, "discovered the unconscious." But Burton did more than most of Freud's predecessors. To be sure, he does not have an organic theory which permits of development. But he provides an admirable symptomatology; he insists on the psychogenesis of mental and also of many physical states; his etiology is based on the deprivation of love the patient has suffered in childhood and on the pressures of a competitive society; his therapy slights physic in favor of a carefully defined relation between physician and patient which approximates at least part of the method of psychoanalysis; and many of his minor insights are distinctly Freudian.

An admirer of Charles Lamb will feel that Professor Evans, in his zeal to rehabilitate Burton's seriousness, does less than justice to Lamb when he speaks of his "chatter" about the "Anatomy"; Lamb's feeling about the miseries of childhood is close to Burton's, and one of his best statements of it (No. XII of "The Popular Fallacies") reflects Burton directly. But the exception is unimportant—Mr. Evans has written a monograph that is a model of scholarly brevity, grace, and point. L. T.

France and Mme de Caillavet

ANATOLE FRANCE: A Life Without Illusions" by Jacob Axelrad (Harper, $3.75) is an encyclopedia of France, by a man who writes too well and knows too much. It is not primarily a literary interpretation, like the books of Barry Cerf, Haakon Chevalier, Lewis Piaget Shanks, and Preston Dargan, but rather a romanced biography with a very strong tinge of sentiment. The study of France's political evolution is well done, with penetration and sympathy. But like many orthodox Socialists, Mr. Axelrad is of several minds about the rights and wrongs of the First World War. The subject is tangled; but this is no excuse for violent and apparently unconscious contradictions.

The chief contribution is the story of Anatole France's long affair—partnership rather than amour—with Mme Arman de Caillavet: a welcome corrective to J. J. Brousson's in-

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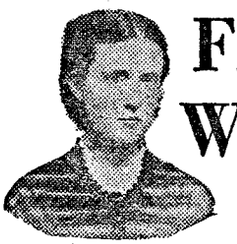

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famous libel; much fuller, more intimate than Jeanne Pouquet's "The Last Salon." Mr. Axelrad was generously assisted, he tells us, by M. and Mme André Maurois; and Mme Maurois was Mme de Caillavet's granddaughter.

Mme de Caillavet was a frustrated, incomplete writer: Anatole France was her vicarious triumph. She turned an inveterate dawdler into a hard-working novelist, a man of the world, an Academician. He submitted—at first with gratitude and delight. He may have loved her in return. He did find her possessiveness irksome and her iron discipline a burden. He tried to escape—as far as Buenos Aires. When she died, he *may* have expressed his remorse and sorrow in as melodramatic a form as Mr. Axelrad reports. An able and well-meaning book, it strikes me as not exactly in the right key.

A. G.

Life of Dowson

MARK LONGAKER has written a sober and readable biography of Ernest Dowson (University of Pennsylvania, $4) which, carefully conflating familiar facts with some material previously withheld from the public, tells the full story for the first time. Mr. Longaker has met, or corresponded with, many of the survivors of the drama of Dowson's life. A son of Oscar Wilde's—to cite one case—supplied him with several interesting letters of his father's showing that the latter was actually not so crushed in spirit after his release from Reading Gaol. The book is a good piece of research, and it goes beyond mere research in being directed by a certain sense of narrative and a warm, directive interest in Dowson.

This is not enough. Dowson's life is neither dull nor insignificant. The poet was a tubercular and neurotic son of tubercular and neurotic parents; he went to Oxford at a time when that city afforded a more than usually attractive subject for a social historian's pen; he proceeded to London, there to be a colleague of W. B. Yeats in the Rhymers' Club; he fell in love with a girl of twelve and, when she did not return his love, turned to drugs and drink; he was the companion of Wilde just before both met sordid and premature death in the same year. An exciting narrative and a fascinating milieu! But Mr. Longaker presents only one real argument in the whole book—the sound but tame reflection that Dowson was not so bohemian and "decadent" as he has been painted.

Miss Marion Plarr explored the "romantic" possibilities of Dowson's life to the full in her novel "Cynara"; Desmond Flower provided an almost definitive edition of his poems; now Mr. Longaker has presented the biographical data as fully as they need ever be presented. How could the obsequies of a minor poet be better celebrated? Only, I think, if his readers asked what none of these have asked: what is the value of his words and what the significance of his career? If Mr. Longaker had asked these questions at the outset, and had pressed them instead of listening to the pundits who told him that "Cynara" was "one of the greatest lyrical poems of our time," he might not have written so much on so little a poet. Or he might have passed beyond scholarship to criticism.

E. R. B.

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Rank and File

SOMETIMES the most revealing of the war books are not those written by famous correspondents but those by unknown writers who portray humble segments of the war in which they have played a part. One such, which unfortunately has been overlooked by the reviewers, is "The Last Voyage of the Quien Sabe," by Lars Skattebol (Harper, $2.50).

Mr. Skattebol, a frail boy who had a minor Associated Press job, shipped out as a merchant seaman on an ancient, rickety ship manned by an incompetent, riffraff crew which included alcoholics, ex-convicts, and a gigantic Negro pervert who tried to kill the author. There was a mutiny in North Africa when the captain starved the crew to save money. On the way home thirty-three of the crew lost their lives when the ship was torpedoed; the other twenty-eight spent seventeen days in a lifeboat. Mr. Skattebol tells the story in a simple matter-of-fact style with a talent for detail that makes the adventure come alive. He tells, for instance, how the thirsty men in the lifeboat planned the precise routes they would take walking from one orange-drink stand to another in New York when, and if, they got back. This is one of the absorbing human documents of the war.

Two sergeants—Bud Hutton and Andy Rooney—wrote "Air Gunner" (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). They are not concerned with the pilots who fly the bombers over Germany, but solely with the unsung non-coms who crouch in the turrets and shoot at German fighter planes. The reader lives with these men in their crowded Nissen hut, half-warmed with stolen coal; shares their sickening fear of flak; hears the

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remark over the plane's phone that breaks the tension over Bremen; goes with them on their prostitute-shopping tours to London; and learns how the bits of a gunner sometimes have to be hosed out of his turret with steam when the bomber lands. M. D.

Homer Line for Line

DR. WILLIAM BENJAMIN SMITH, who died ten years ago at the age of eighty-four, began the task of translating the Iliad line for line, into dactylic hexameters; and now, at eighty, his lifelong friend, Dr. Walter Miller, has brought the work to completion (Macmillan, $3.75). The literal achievement of so ambitious a project, attended with scrupulous devotion, is in itself a remarkable performance; but, ironically enough, the text of this edition of Homer will be less valued for itself than for its illustrations. For these comprise reproductions of thirty-nine designs by John Flaxman, the friend of William Blake, and their presence makes the book an exceptional value for the money. R. H.

Japanese Americans

WHEN 100,000 men and women of Japanese descent were evacuated from the West Coast in the spring of 1942, most Americans accepted this action as being motivated by military necessity. But it would be difficult for any fair-minded person to hold to this view after reading Carey McWilliams's documented study ("Prejudice," Little, Brown, $3) of the evacuation and the factors leading up to it. Mr. McWilliams marshals an impressive amount of evidence to support his thesis that long-standing racial and economic rivalries, rather than military considerations, were responsible for the step. He reminds us, for example, that mass evacuation was not found necessary in Hawaii although there were proportionately many more persons of Japanese descent on the islands than on the mainland and the military peril was incomparably more acute. Moreover, there is no record of any act of sabotage being committed by West Coast residents of Japanese descent, while in innumerable instances they have distinguished themselves by acts of loyalty to the United States.

If the Japanese Americans had constituted a real threat to the security of the West Coast, agitation against them would have died down after their evacuation. Its sudden increase after the peril had supposedly been removed indicates causes apart from the war. Mr. McWilliams traces in great detail the amazing campaign against the Japanese residents of California from its origins at the turn of the century to its pinnacle of hysteria after evacuation had been accomplished. He shows that while it was primarily racist in character, showing close affinity to the anti-Negro pressures in the South, it received its chief support from groups whose opposition to the Japanese was economic. Although elimination of the prejudice and the economic pressure that were responsible for the evacuation program requires a long-range educational program—which Mr. McWilliams believes should be government-sponsored—immediate steps can and should be taken to restore the basic civil and economic rights of our loyal Japanese Americans. M. S. S.

FICTION IN REVIEW

Women in Love

COME war or come paper-rationing, there is never a dearth of novels about female love. The best of them are still written by men; indeed, so long as women write about themselves and their love as they nowadays do, they should be grateful that neither in life nor in literature do men always take them at their full word. The picture of women, especially in our most talented and ambitious female fiction, is enough to scare any normal man out of his wits. It should also be enough to scare at least some women back into theirs.

Of course one of the troubles with all current novels is their failure of creative imagination and their too great subjectivity. But even more than our men writers, our women writers, especially when they deal with their sexual emotions, have a way of filling the world with themselves alone and of exploiting fiction to promote their own follies and grievances. Substituting intensity for understanding and confusion for dramatic conflict, they produce, instead of good novels, disturbing case histories. Almost without exception, novels by women about women—these days—are one-character books in which the one character is easy to spot as the author. They are seldom art, but they often have the sad authenticity of autobiography.

Christina Stead's new novel, "For Love Alone" (Har-

An illuminating book on the union of *Might* and *Right.*

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court, Brace, $3), is very accurately named: it is an unusually obsessive study of the female love emotion. Miss Stead, one of our most talented and ambitious women writers, is telling the story of the crucial years in the life of a young woman who is seeking—supposedly—an object for her deep powers of affection. Teresa Hawkins is a highly emotional Australian girl who falls in love with a perverse devil of a young man, makes inordinate sacrifices to follow him to London, and there becomes properly disillusioned with him; maturity begins for Miss Stead's heroine when she finally achieves her first mating—with a generous, warm-hearted older man. The outline of the narrative is thin and familiar. What makes Miss Stead's novel an uncommonly interesting variation on the familiar theme is the baldness with which it states the resolution of its sexual problem.

For it is the great irony of most novels about women's fatal urge to love that they regularly turn out to expose, all unconsciously, women's fatal inability to love; and in Miss Stead's novel this irony is even broader than usual. After having spent four years and almost 450 pages in the quest for someone on whom to unload her beautiful burden of affection, the heroine of "For Love Alone" requires only a few weeks and a chapter or two of consummation to reveal that she has been seeking, not a lover, but a sense of personal power. As Teresa herself puts it: "How had she advanced in a few months from the idea that no one would love her to the assurance that she could *control* two men?" (She is on the verge of taking her second lover.) The italics are mine, but the approving emphasis is the author's; and a few pages later Teresa will talk of her desire to "master" men. "For Love Alone" ends with its heroine not only set for her life of conquest but firm in the knowledge that this kind of power is the purest female poetry. The quest for love, in other words, shows itself as the grim business of collecting—shall we call it?—scalps, and the desire to give and receive affection as the desire merely to become the property-owner instead of the property.

The language of property is Miss Stead's own. In the course of the education of Teresa Hawkins "For Love Alone" has many sound things to say about the economic motive in the relation of the sexes. This is to be expected, since our revolutionary sexual literature is necessarily well grounded in classic economic argument. Nor are we surprised that for a large part of the book Teresa is victimized by an unworthy man; even revolutionary literature still likes to rattle this old skeleton. Less expected and much more interesting, I think, are Miss Stead's use of so young a heroine and her very pungent comments on the cruel pressures which our society puts on a girl at the age of marriage.

Teresa is not yet nineteen when we first make her acquaintance, but Miss Stead shows her to be quite frenzied with sexual desire—and this seems to me to be a healthy defiance of the present-day convention which permits sexuality to married women (or children) but not to very young women. By the evidence of most of our novels we must still feel the need to keep within the strict bounds of propriety the activity and even the fantasy of the young girl who is in the market for a husband.

And Miss Stead's heroine not only defies the conventions by being fully developed sexually at so tender an age; she is also improperly outspoken in her fear of spinsterhood. I know no novel, including the novels of Jane Austen, which reveals as frankly as "For Love Alone" the frantic need young women have for a husband and the brutal hypocrisy with which society surrounds their efforts to find one. Most women novelists are unwilling to make the admissions that Miss Stead makes for her sex. Even Jane Austen put up a wall of satire against our temptation to accuse her of sharing with her characters their desperate longing for matrimony.

There are other accomplishments in Miss Stead's novel which I am afraid I have neglected in favor of its significance as a sexual document. Somewhat in the manner in which Elizabeth Bowen so wonderfully recreates the color and smells of an English seaside resort in "The Death of the Heart," Miss Stead very remarkably recreates the raw vulgarity of Sydney, Australia, and its suburbs; the latter feel like a World's Fair after the fair is over. Then, although the general tone of the novel is far too *exalté* for my taste and despite the fact that it constantly goes over the emotional deep end, Miss Stead is capable of punctuating the rarefied air with flashes of real wit and of downright intelligence. And simply in the matter of prose, she often has a salutary carelessness, where she gives the impression of being, rightly, much more concerned with what she has to say than with how she says it. It is a misfortune of our culture that a talent like Miss Stead's should be at the service of so much ardent confusion.

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VERSE CHRONICLE

W. H. Auden

IS AUDEN'S poetry as remarkable as its rhetoric, as brilliant in its general import as it is in its particulars? I have found that I did not remember his single poems in the way I remembered many individual performances of, say, Yeats or Eliot. Perhaps his extraordinary eloquence, while momentarily transfiguring his poems, somehow compromises their formal integrity. And because his eloquence has so often failed to crystallize into worthy structures, it has at times even looked specious—like that of a man who is always talking and never doing anything.

Such appearances are thoroughly belied by Auden's new volume of poems; "For the Time Being" (Random House, $2) is the work of a great and serious artist. To review it is rather difficult. There are a number of dark passages which call for exegesis of the sort applied often to Eliot and rarely to Auden. The poems also testify to his preoccupation with the metaphysics of Being: if I am not wrong, he is half the time talking Kierkegaard. Above all, they raise the familiar question whether Auden has been converted to religion or religion converted to the uses of his poetry. On this last point I believe one thing is obvious. Although Auden's inspiration has been, to put it crudely, now Marxist, now Freudian, now Christian, he is consistently the prophet of modern personality *in extremis*. His theme is a great theme, whatever his particular beliefs or ours.

"For the Time Being" contains two long poems. One is the title poem, described as a Christmas oratorio; the other is called "The Sea and the Mirror—a Commentary on Shakespeare's 'The Tempest.'" The latter seems to me to have many of Auden's familiar structural faults. There is a string of soliloquies by the "Tempest" characters which builds up a dramatic effect; but this is lost in a lengthy concluding oration delivered by a Caliban who is, only too patently, Auden himself. The poet seems to have more on his mind than can be contained in his fable; so he descends like the god from the machine and takes over the proceedings. Yet many of the poem's single passages are magnificent; especially Alonso's speech on kingship, in which Auden's old cry of warning, his intense conviction that *you can't get away with anything*, receives one of its grandest expressions. And he rings fabulous changes on the "Tempest" materials, even though he works as usual more through verbal power than through dramatic inventiveness. He turns Shakespeare's already charmed landscape of musical waters and yellow sands into a world of almost surrealist queerness.

> But imagine the sands where a crown
> Has the status of a broken-down
> Sofa or mutilated statue . . .

But the other poem, "For the Time Being," is probably Auden's best work since "The Orators." I admit that when I heard, several months ago, of Auden's projected oratorio on the Nativity, I feared another fly-by-night improvisation like "The Ascent of F-6" or his Paul Bunyan play. I was wrong: "For the Time Being" is a very well-made poem. To be sure, compared with "Finnegans Wake" or "The Waste Land" it has little originality of structure. When Auden is not being very bad in regard to form he is being very, very good and producing grimly perfect little ballades and triolets. "For the Time Being" is his longest effort in this exemplary mood. It is a quite conventional adaptation of the philosophical poem as perfected by Goethe and imitated by countless writers since. But Auden has given amazing life to the old business of choruses and semi-choruses and talking abstractions.

I will mention here only two of the scenes in the oratorio, beginning with the part called Advent, which opens the poem. Made up of choral odes and a racy speech by the Narrator, this scene announces the world's despair and the death of "all personality" prior to the birth of Christ. It is notable for the way the verse progresses from the traditional accents of

> The prophet's lantern is out
> And gone the boundary stone . . .

to the satirical colloquialism of

> Our resourceful general
> Fell down dead as he drank
> And his horses died of grief,
> Our navy sailed away and sank;
> The evil and armed draw near.

The Advent is followed by an even more remarkable Annunciation. This opens with a colloquy among man's Faculties, who have been abroad in the world of sensuality and decay and who are now exchanging reminiscences. Intuition says:

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. . . I have observed
The somber valley of an industry
In dereliction. Conduits, ponds, canals,
Distressed with weeds; engines and furnaces
At rust in rotting sheds and their strong users
Transformed to spongy heaps of drunken flesh.
Deep among dock and dusty nettle lay
Each ruin of a will; manors of mold
Grew into empires as a westering sun
Left the air chilly; not a sound disturbed
The autumn dusk except a stertorous snore
That over their drowned condition like a sea
Wept without grief.

But we are now leaving the region of despair and entering an atmosphere charged with expectation. The angelic visitation to the youthful Mary is about to occur. One of the Faculties declares:

The garden is unchanged, the silence unbroken
For she is still walking in her sleep of childhood . . .
None may wake there but One who shall be woken.

Whereupon Gabriel appears and murmurs, "Wake," and there follows the fatal exchange between the angel and the girl. In all this the promise of Auden's rhetoric seems at last to be fulfilled.

F. W. DUPEE

Briefer Comments in this issue were written by Joseph Wood Krutch, Sidney Hook, McAlister Coleman, Lionel Trilling, Albert Guérard, Eric Russell Bentley, Marcus Duffield, Rolfe Humphries, and Maxwell S. Stewart.

James Agee's regular column on Films will be resumed shortly.

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Murder Will Out

THROUGH two whole acts of "The Visitor" (Henry Miller's Theater) I teased my attention with the search for something which wasn't there—for something allegorical, or symbolical, or at least psychologically subtle and capable of explaining the purport of a play in which the action seemed far more exciting to the actors performing it than it did to any member of the audience. No doubt the fact that the piece is dramatized from a novel by Leane Zugsmith, whose name is associated with "social significance," had something to do with my assumption that more was intended than met the eye. No doubt the further fact that it was produced by Herman Shumlin strengthened this same assumption. But so also did something in the writing and acting of the play itself—something pretentious and portentous which left one ill prepared to discover toward the end of the last act that what one had been witnessing all along was merely a whodunit which comes to a most conventional conclusion when the cops rush in to revive a hero who has just been hit over the head with a bottle.

So far as the plot is concerned, it might, I suppose, be made to serve well enough. It is sufficiently ingenious even if a little more than sufficiently improbable, and the conclusion reveals the real villain to be the very last man you would expect. But the whole method of telling the story and the whole method of acting it are disastrously wrong. Question marks scattered through a story or a play are sometimes interesting and sometimes annoying. In the present case there is no doubt what their effect is. We are meant to be intrigued by the many things which seem unclear. Why did Bud Owen, aged fourteen, disappear mysteriously from the home of his mother and stepfather; why did he reappear just as mysteriously three years later? Is he an impostor? What is the hold he seems to have over the young girl neighbor who was engaged to a youth suspected of having murdered his missing friend? What is the ex-police chief really up to, etc., etc? But instead of being intrigued we are merely irritated by all this hocus-pocus—partly, as I have already suggested, because of something pretentious which seems to promise deep meanings of some sort, partly because of the overwrought playing of all the principal characters.

Against the detective story as such I am very far from having any prejudice. There are today half a dozen or more specialists in the genre who manipulate their material with a very sure hand. They know how to raise immediately the correct expectations and to establish the mood of each of the various sub-species—the mood of dread, the mood of extravaganza, or the mood appropriate to the purely intellectual puzzle. Whatever their limitations may be, they are masters of their trade and get precisely the effect they aim at. But for some reason the inevitable attempt of playwrights to work out some theatrical equivalent of so popular a form of fiction has rarely proved successful. One would find it difficult to mention a dozen detective plays as satisfactory as any one of two hundred detective novels published within the last two decades. A generation ago Earl Derr Biggers's "Seven Keys to Baldpate" started a run on that sort of comic crime play which is also half-farce, but his imitators rapidly grew more and more fantastic and illogical until the comedy-melodrama presently came to depend upon a sort of stagecraft not very different from that of the Messrs. Olsen and Johnson. A few years ago Emlyn Williams provided two or three pieces with the emphasis on horror which were better than anything of the sort written in America. Then there is of course the extravaganza called "Arsenic and Old Lace." But "Angel Street" is very nearly the only straight detective story of really substantial merit seen here in several years, and even dramatizations like that of Agatha Christie's masterpiece of impossible logic "And Then There Were None" seem to run into difficulties when they are put behind the footlights, as under the title "Ten Little Indians" this one was.

Perhaps the theatrical equivalent of this sort of tale would have to be more radically different from it in method and approach than any playwright has yet found successful means of being. One difficulty is certainly that, despite all the action which seems so important in the detective story, the better ones do nevertheless require more exposition and explanation than is easily managed on the stage, where the adapter is faced with the necessity either of seeming very talky indeed or of depending exclusively on action which, by itself, is bound to remain elementary and unconvincing. But one thing is certain: the good dramatic method—assuming that it exists—has not been discovered by those responsible for "The Visitor." It would certainly include some method of defining almost at the rise of the curtain the intentions of the piece, since it is absolutely necessary before settling down to such a story to know pretty exactly what we are in for. And this same good method would also certainly not involve any such overwrought emotionalism as that which keeps the performers in the present play so far ahead of the spectators. It is notoriously inadvisable in comedy to have the participants laugh too loudly at their own jokes. It ought to be equally obvious that in a serious play they should not exhibit feelings more lacerated than seems justifiable to members of the audience.

Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

THE occasion for a disappointing show of Winslow Homer's work at the Whitney Museum (through November 2) is the publication of a definitive biography of the artist by Lloyd Goodrich, the research curator of the museum (Macmillan, $7.50). The book is disappointing too, and Homer's responsibility for that is even greater than in the first case, since the museum may have wished to compose its show mainly of pictures unfamiliar to New Yorkers. And while Mr. Goodrich could have put more life into his book by trying to situate Homer in a larger context, the fact remains that Homer himself had practically no life aside from his art.

It was characteristically American that Homer should have distrusted tradition, books, and the art of others, that he should have been unable to learn from them and have taught himself to paint. It was characteristic of a certain side of New England that he should have been incapable of marrying or of living with others. But it was not characteristic of such a rough-and-ready artist—however so it may have been of more cultured protagonists of the arts and letters in this country—that Homer's store of vital energy should have been so limited or his fear of experience so intense. He liked to fish and go on camping trips. He was attached to his father and one of his brothers. He was afraid of strangers.

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He saw something of the Civil War. He lived in New York for a time, went to Europe twice, traveled in the West Indies, and spent most of the latter half of his life on the Maine coast. He was small, dapper, reserved, and dull. He had no inner life worth mentioning. He was able after a while to support himself comfortably by his art; he did not sell too well but not too badly either. By the time he was sixty he had become accepted as one of our greatest artists. He died in 1910 at the age of seventy-four. Mr. Goodrich's intelligent, conscientious, and complete account of this life makes, of necessity, hard reading.

But this takes nothing away from the fact that Homer was of real consequence as an artist. Though he never really touched greatness, he demonstrated originality and strength. He founded an American school of water-color painting, and in oil he developed, independently, certain revolutionary tendencies parallel to those of his more illustrious contemporaries in France.

To my taste those pictures Homer painted in the very beginning, in the late eighteen sixties and early seventies, just after he gave up working exclusively as an illustrator in black and white, are the best of his oils. Possessing an innate and sophisticated draftsman's talent and enough professional competence to keep his values and color intensities aligned, he began with warmly toned canvases in the then prevailing genre style which set themselves apart immediately by their crispness of drawing and design and a new, even if crude, clarity of color. Mr. Goodrich ventures that Homer may have been influenced by the general atmosphere of French painting during his stay in France in 1867, but the evidence does show that he had already independently anticipated the style founded on photographic light values that Manet was establishing—and it is doubtful whether Homer saw any picture by Manet at this time.

Apprenticed to a lithographer in his youth, Homer had copied portrait photographs. And the sharp, simplified, opaque contrasts of shadow and light in his earliest oils, as well as their flatness of modeling and hot, laid-in color, which decorates rather than contributes to the expression of form, may be owed to this early acquaintance with the camera's results. What may also have been responsible was Homer's practice at first of making his paintings from sketches done outdoors under the hard, blazing light of an American summer—a kind of light he was unlearned and naively naturalistic enough to try to capture without interposing preconceptions based on atmospheric effects belonging only to the experience of European light.

Eakins likewise produced his best oils at the beginning of his career, in the late sixties and early seventies; which leads one to speculate whether there wasn't some fertilizing current abroad in those years which transfigured for a moment at least the art of any instinctive realist young and open and talented enough to receive it. Once this moment had passed, both Eakins and Homer withdrew into themselves and paid no further need to revolutionary outside influences. And in the eighties, if not thereafter, the art of both men suffered a decline.

Homer in the eighties succumbed to a sentimental, picturesque, middle-keyed genre style then popular among French academicists and much imitated by Anglo-Saxon artists; it had for its principal subjects melancholy landscapes and peasants, preferably female. In Homer's case it was the English fisher girls at Tynemouth, where he spent most of 1881 and 1882. Afterward, or concurrently, he seems to have come somewhat under the influence of the Whistlerian tone poem, lowering his color key still farther and confining himself to cool and neutral tones, with the emphasis laid on subtle displacements of darks and lights—a reaction perhaps to the violence with which he had treated them before.

Given Homer's essential tenacity to his own proper gift—not to mention his supposed immunity to influences—a more learned artist would not have been so easily distracted by contemporary fashion. Even so, there were some rewards: mysterious scenes of beaches at dusk in deep blues, violets, mauves, and admixtures of gray, with female figures in the foreground. The poetry was undeliberate but all the more effective for that. Maybe it expressed something of the diffidence and trouble with which Homer approached women. What it certainly did carry was his special feeling for the sea.

There was a streak in him of the popular romanticism of the violent and melodramatic. At Tynemouth he first felt that fascination of the sea in its menacing aspects which was not to leave him the rest of his life. The sea seems for Homer to have been subconsciously connected with sex (for Poe too). One of his chief themes during the eighties was that of women being saved from drowning or shipwreck, their wet clothes clinging so tightly that their figures approximated the nude—which Homer hardly ever attempted otherwise. Later on the theme was to be merely the raging surf, with now and then a woman's figure on shore. As with Stephen Crane, another would-be literal realist, Homer's matter-of-fact vision, directed out of doors, usually alighted on something that moved dramatically, were it only waves or a fish leaping.

In the middle seventies Homer began to use water color seriously. Most critics agree that he made his greatest contribution in this medium, showing a sensitivity to its assets and liabilities such as he never manifested in his oils, where form remained thin and papery, and color brittle in spite of everything. The quick and summary brushwork in his water colors, the bold modulations of values to define form and recession, the advantage taken of the transparence of water and the texture and white of the paper to secure luminosity, the sure instinct with which he laid out, flattened, and simplified his main masses—all this gave something new and important to the art. But it took the brilliance and color of the West Indies to justify Homer's daring to himself. He had not intended to innovate. The brilliance was there before him; he painted it. And it was all part of the logic by which his naively possessed but far from naive gift had to develop.

Some of the lightness and discreet splendor of the water colors flashed into the oils occasionally. But he could never quite cure himself of a coarseness of execution in the latter medium, an inability to exploit the texture of paint for increased resonance of tone and color. The cause lay, I think, not only in the fact that Homer had taught himself to handle oil, but also in a curious contempt he had for the physical substance of his art, for physical substance in general—which contempt had less purchase in the more ethereal and direct medium of water color. Homer's methods of work seem to bear all this out. He would spend weeks and months pondering a motif, waiting for the right weather and light, but once he started to paint he worked fast and almost impatiently. That is, he placed too high a price on the final result and valued the activity itself of painting too little.

It is an anomaly that a New Englander like Homer should have been one of our greatest painters. It seems even more anomalous that he should have

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been an irreligious materialist—which he was without being aware of the implications—and that at the same time he should have had such disdain for matter. But the anomaly is only a seeming one. The materialist can contemn matter as much as any mystic. Like a good American—and Homer was one—he can love the abstract fact more than anything else.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

STOKOWSKI hired a publicity agent of his own to inform the public that at his concerts at New York's City Center he would appear not only in the roles of conductor and musician but in the other roles in which he fancies himself even more: the indomitable explorer in new music, the tireless innovator in orchestral organization, the indispensable collaborator of scientists in acoustics. I had little curiosity about what the conductor would do with the newly assembled orchestra or what the musician would do to Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony; and even less about Bornschein's "Moon Over Taos" or the effect of abolishing the distinction between first and second violins and the title of concertmaster. But I was interested in whether the new acoustic reflector designed to produce "equalized listening from every one of the 2,700 seats in the auditorium" would have any effect on the bad acoustic conditions in the parquet.

Last spring I sat in H 126, which is front and extreme left, for a performance of "Porgy and Bess," and found it strangely tenuous, confused, and elusive. One reason, I decided after a while, was that Smallens was rushing the work in a way that made it difficult to get hold of. But in addition the sound was rising from pit and stage over my seat to the balconies and therefore not reaching my ears (from such a front seat, moreover, one sees the dancers in a ballet with the lower part of their legs cut off by footlights). And in the rear of the parquet I have found the sound shut out by the balcony overhead.

What difference the new reflector made in the front of the parquet I don't know; but in Q 1 under the balcony, where I sat for Stokowski's concert, the sound was still shut out, with the result that instead of being all around one, as in Carnegie Hall, it came only from the front and without resonance and richness. To satisfy my curiosity about this I had to listen to all the tonal fussing and swelling and heaving in constantly changing tempos that constituted Stokowski's performance of the "Eroica" (it was, wrote Mr. Downes, "one that for formal coherence and proportion would pass the most exigent tests, but it was also of an intensity and pathos, within the classic mold, which nobly and intensely communicated the composer's spirit"); and the directors of the City Center will get no applause from me for sponsoring the corruption of the public's musical understanding with such falsification of great music.

The first of Toscanini's September broadcasts for the armed forces overseas began with the Overture to "Zampa" and ended with Sousa's "Semper Fidelis" and "El Capitán." And it occurred to me that even a musically unsophisticated person listening to these marches that he knew well might be struck by the things that were different about them this time—not just the general liveliness and buoyancy, but the contrapuntal melodies that he had never before heard so clearly outlined and so beautifully modelled; and that in this way he might get an idea of the differences possible in performances, and of the particular qualities of Toscanini's performances, which previously he had thought people only pretended they could hear in order to show their superior understanding.

The second program included the loveliest of Mozart's early sympathies—K.201 in A major; and the performance recalled to me the first time I heard the work—in Vienna early in 1929. All the uproar at that place and time was over Furtwängler; but the great performances I heard were those conducted by Richard Strauss; and one of them was the sharp-contoured and sharp-witted performance of K.201 that he produced with the third-rate Vienna Symphony (not the Vienna Philharmonic). Since then I have heard only the perversely ponderous recorded performance of Beecham, and the Koussevitzky performances that are well characterized by a Cambridge reader's phrase about Koussevitzky's Mozart: "a brilliant façade which conceals the absence of thought." But from Toscanini I heard at last another superb statement of the work: the first movement moderate in pace, fluent and exquisite in contour, all grace and delicate poignancy in effect; the second movement with the same grace and poignancy; the minuet with its amusing fanfares sharp and witty, its trio exquisitely poignant again; the finale a rush of high spirits and verve.

There were several other Toscanini performances last spring which made

DAGOBERT D. RUNES, *Editor*

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me aware of the passing of time, and which I want to speak of; but right now I must say something about "Waltz Academy," Balanchine's third new ballet this season, which he did for Ballet Theater. Give Fred Astaire a popular song and a stage space, and he will use the personal idiom he has made out of the language of American theatrical dancing to fill that space with patterns of dance movement that are intended only to delight us as patterns of dance movement. Balanchine's idiom is the one he has made out of the language of classical ballet that he learned in the Leningrad State Academy; give him a musical score, a stage space framed by a particular setting, dancers clothed in particular costumes, and he will use his idiom to fill that space with patterns of dance movement which, like Astaire's, are intended only to delight us as patterns of dance movement. In "Waltz Academy" Oliver Smith's fine setting gives us a ballet practice room under the dome of some state academy; the young dancers are in practice costumes designed by Alvin Colt; and to waltzes by Rieti—more agreeable to the ear than Stravinsky's music, but not as well contrived for dancing—they do a series of dances, supposedly for their own pleasure, and as it turns out for our pleasure as well. For in the *pas de six,* the *pas de quatre,* and so on we see another example of Balanchine's ever freshly imagined and lovely and witty use of his materials; and in the finale another excitingly intricate contrapuntal texture. It is, as Edwin Denby wrote, "dancing for the pleasure of dancing, a ballet for dancers and dance lovers" (understandably, therefore, for John Martin "nothing happens"), which, as often as one sees it, one wants to see again.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Where Do We Go?

Dear Sirs: From the news at home, you probably can anticipate the troubles of the war-time soldier who in an active theater of operations tries to keep politically and socially aware and to express the thoughts he considers important. All the normal military restrictions are made more severe by the army's cautious attitude toward the present political campaign. Army regulations, as well as the Articles of War, prevent any soldier from using his "official" authority or influence in any manner that can be interpreted as "political." He can "express opinions privately and informally on all political subjects," avoiding any efforts so formal as the writing of "articles" for publication. The wide interpretations possible are indicated by the recent squabbles over newspapers and moving pictures and the banning of the Guide to the Army Air Forces because of President Roosevelt's picture as Commander-in-Chief.

In an active theater, under not too well-defined censorship, under intended and unintended limitations, the soldier is much more restricted and isolated than one realizes by merely reading the rules and regulations. The great mass of daily detail, the discussions and opinions and defining side-slants of purpose and meaning never can be recovered by the working soldier whose time is limited, who rarely has a radio, who rarely sees an English paper or any sheet other than the *Stars and Stripes,* and who, when he finds a quiet, sunny, deserted moment, wants a cup of coffee and a cigarette, lays his mind limply on the bench beside him, and studies his smoke.

Soldier opinions grow stronger and more definite. Soldiers are jealous and resentful—while generous and patient. They resent labor, many for the first time. Similarly, they think more actively—and less fairly—on the confused and half-reported issues of races and parties.

Reduced to the inaction of the observer, the soldier has little left to observe—and no energy for worrying about the lack.

As a civilian, the average American has had no great initiative to learn. As a soldier, he is further anaesthetized by a segregated diet of those few reports which, in someone's opinion, do not constitute opinion.

Soldiers are coming home with questions, half idle, rhythmic: "Where do we go from here?" Like a forgotten relative, like a baby responsibility grown giant in neglect, with fists like clubs, they're coming home, in mass. The time seems late and urgent when you're waiting, sir. You develop huge energies.

Now, which is the best direction? Where do we go from here?

SERGEANT

Somewhere in England, August 15

Hats Off!

Dear Sirs: Hats off to Louis Fischer for his splendid article on the future of the peace in your issue of September 16.

There are millions of people of real good-will in these United States who feel the way Mr. Fischer does. Unfortunately, they are inarticulate and are being constantly confused by the selfish and unscrupulous. May we suggest to Mr. Fischer that he outline a practical program of organization and procedure to have those millions participate actively in the making of the peace?

BEATRICE S. GREENBERG

Kingston, Mass., September 21

Mr. Steel Denies . . .

Dear Sirs: The editors of *The Nation* distorted the caption on Paul Hagen's letter in the issue of October 14. Hagen's letter to Vansittart, as quoted by Hagen himself, states: "I and my associates have persistently requested such facilities from the authorities here. So far without success. I do not wish to miss another opportunity." This remark fully warrants my interpretation of Hagen's efforts, an interpretation which is widely shared in official American circles concerned. JOHANNES STEEL

New York, October 14

[When Paul Hagen sent his letter to Lord Vansittart via the proper channels, he stated in a covering letter to the British representative for political war: "I inclose a copy of my letter for any American joint control service you would find it necessary to inform. Of course, I do not intend to do anything without their permission."

In his broadcast Johannes Steel said with reference to Hagen's letter to Lord Vansittart, "In this letter Herr Hagen, who enjoys American hospitality, has the temerity to attack American officials

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who have prevented his return to Germany, and by implication asks the British government to intrigue against and to oppose those American officials who refuse to let him go to Germany to fish in troubled waters." If words mean what they appear to mean, this is a clear case of distortion. Even Hagen's words which Mr. Steel quotes can hardly be interpreted as "an attack." Moreover, far from asking the British government to "intrigue against" American officials, Mr. Hagen made a specific request that a copy of his letter to Vansittart be sent to the American authorities so that they might be fully informed.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Praise from a G. I.

Dear Sirs: I felt that Jerome H. Spingarn's article, Don't call us G. I. Joe, in your issue of August 19 must have expressed what was in the hearts of many fine young men in the service. I copied the whole article on V-mail paper (it filled five V-forms!) and mailed it to a friend overseas. I just have his answer: "An outstanding article . . . deeply appreciated." MAX B. KNIGHT

Berkeley, Cal., October 3

Why Worry?

Dear Sirs: Why worry so much about a "plan for Germany?" If the Allies do with Germany what, involuntarily or voluntarily, they have already done with Italy, the result will be a country so weakened for two or three generations that nobody will need to be afraid of any new aggression. R. A.

New York, October 9

Not a Racist

Dear Sirs: As was to be foreseen, well-meaning liberal opinion tends once more to pave the path for a "just" peace with Germany—a peace that will allow a defeated Germany to become nearly as strong as a victorious Germany would have been. Today's editorial in *The Nation*, A Plan for Germany, goes a long way in this direction in that it indorses the old myth that Nazism was brought to power only by certain social elements ("Junkers, monopolists, big industrialists") clearly distinguishable from the majority of Germans.

The fact is that in the last completely free election Hitler received 44 per cent of the votes cast (and hardly all by "Junkers, monopolists, and big industrialists"), that is to say, as clear a popular majority as is possible in a country with more than twenty parties; and at least two-thirds of the remaining votes came from people who agreed with Hitler as to his ends if not as to his means. The very fact that the events of July 20, 1944, have strengthened rather than weakened the German resistance should make it clear that Nazism is, for the time being, no less pervasive among the Germans than was the belief in holy wars among the early Moslems.

In two respects your editorial does show traces of realistic thinking. You admit that the leadership for a democratic movement in Germany is "not yet visible"; and you look with justified suspicion upon those "anti-Nazi Germans" who "concentrate their main effort upon denouncing Vansittartism." It is all the more shocking, therefore, to find, on page 403 of the same issue, the following sentence: "We do not share the racist views of Lord Vansittart."

You have, of course, as perfect a right to disagree with Lord Vansittart as I have to agree with him. But to say that his views are "racist" is tantamount to

CAREY McWilliams
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L B

Read THE CROSS AND THE ARROW, the new novel by Albert Maltz.

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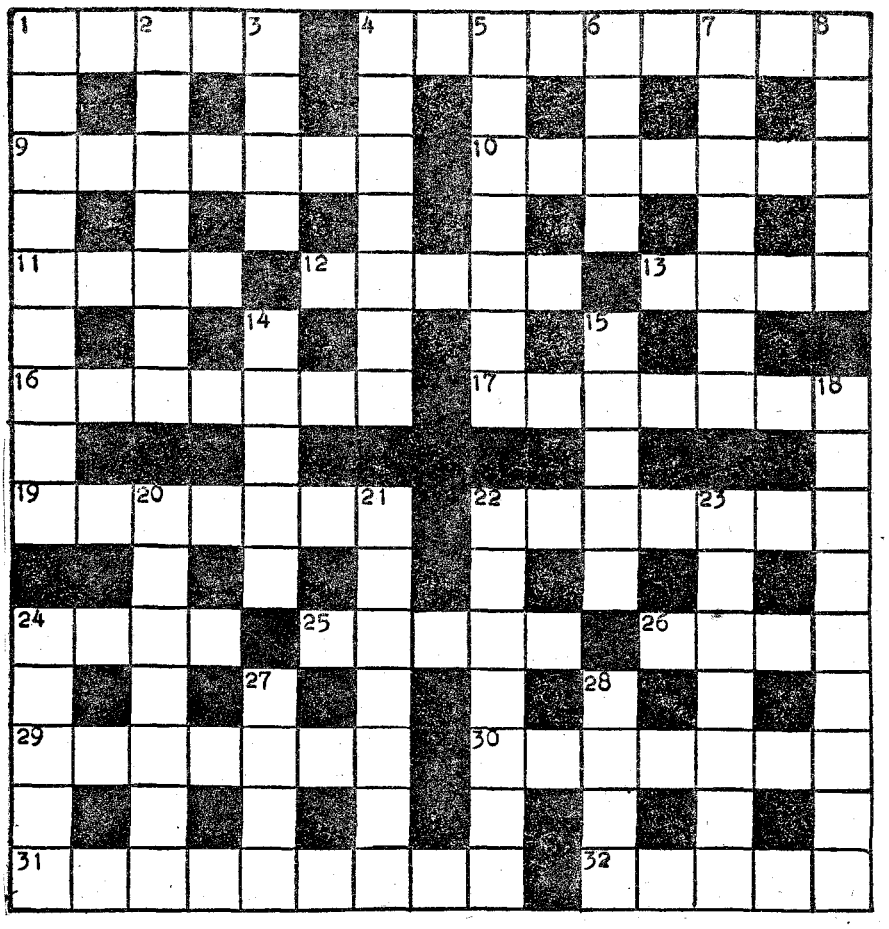
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 87

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Simple Susie thought this book a poor gift: there was nothing in it
4 The hunchback of Notre Dame
9 He "stole the picture" from Pantagruel in the Rabelais story
10 Attackers often pause to do so
11 A pause between bars
12 "The - - - - - that lies in woman's eyes, And lies, and lies, and lies"
13 A dark horse
16 Men attached to the bar
17 Prophetess who dwelt in Merlin's cave
19 Foolish Constance seems to be in her element
22 Thoroughly stewed, the sun-god is in bed
24 Associated with a rose in the Thackeray tale
25 A war casualty
26 Jupiter's wife—and sister
29 It sounds an appetizing style of architecture
30 E. g., a room. Take a backward look at it
31 They stretch out and feel for the tent and twist the laces
32 You can usually get a laugh out of this animal.

DOWN

1 Lady Astor suggested a couple when a Labor M.P. complained of "an 'orrible 'eadache"
2 I join the big fellow and his offspring in a blessing
3 Sir Thomas, in addition
4 These are for the asking
5 Father of Ishmael
6 The Gloomy Dean, formerly of St. Paul's
7 Comparisons are odious—they may also be this, according to Shakespeare
8 A master of brush, or pen
14 Fruit for a very charming damsel
15 "The worthy to be adored"—to the Arab
18 Maiden, in classical mythology, who became a star after her death
20 A great American, with or without 5
21 The sea-unicorn
22 "I'm beset" (anag.)
23 Priest's cassock
24 A different view of merit
27 Verdi opera
28 Shelley wrote of its desire for the star

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 86

ACROSS:—1 WHEEL; 4 BOO; 6 ROSES; 9 CUBICLE; 10 ARTLESS; 11 STATUS; 14 PETAIN; 15 PUNCHER; 16 PIER; 17 MAST; 19 IMPETUS; 20 DORE; 22 ATOM; 24 BRITAIN; 26 WESLEY; 27 AUDREY; 31 MOISTEN; 32 HANSARD; 33 NAIAD; 34 APE; 35 EISEL.

DOWN:—1 WICKS; 2 EMBRACE; 3 LOCK-UP; 4 BOER; 5 ORAL; 6 RATTER; 7 SMETANA; 8 SUSAN; 12 SUMMARY; 13 ACCENTS; 14 PETUNIA; 16 POD; 18 TOM; 21 ROSSINI; 23 TURBANS; 24 BELTED; 25 NUANCE; 26 WOMAN; 28 YODEL; 29 ANNA; 30 THEE

saying that the New Deal is "Communist." Lord Vansittart has stated time and again that his views have nothing whatever to do with racialism ("Lessons of My Life," especially p. 21 and pp. 259-62). He goes out of his way to explain that he writes not as a pseudo-biologist but as a statesman and historian who finds himself confronted with national, not with racial, characteristics: "There is no such thing as a pure German *race*—so much for Hitler's doctrine, not mine. There is only a German *nation*, a focus at which several different races have met and mixed throughout the ages" (Vansittart, p. 260; italics Vansittart's). It is this national character, shaped by historical circumstances and glorified by German writers during the last two centuries, which Vansittart considers dangerous. To call him a racist is beneath the dignity of a paper usually as decent and honest as *The Nation* and amounts to lending support to the argument of the very people of whom you justly disapprove. Let me hope that you may be willing to clarify this point—either by printing this letter or otherwise—regardless of your own attitude toward Vansittartism. ERWIN PANOFSKY

Princeton, N. J., October 7

CONTRIBUTORS

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH, poet and Librarian of Congress, has written, among other books, "The American Cause," "America Was Promises," "A Time to Speak," and "Prophets of Doom."

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